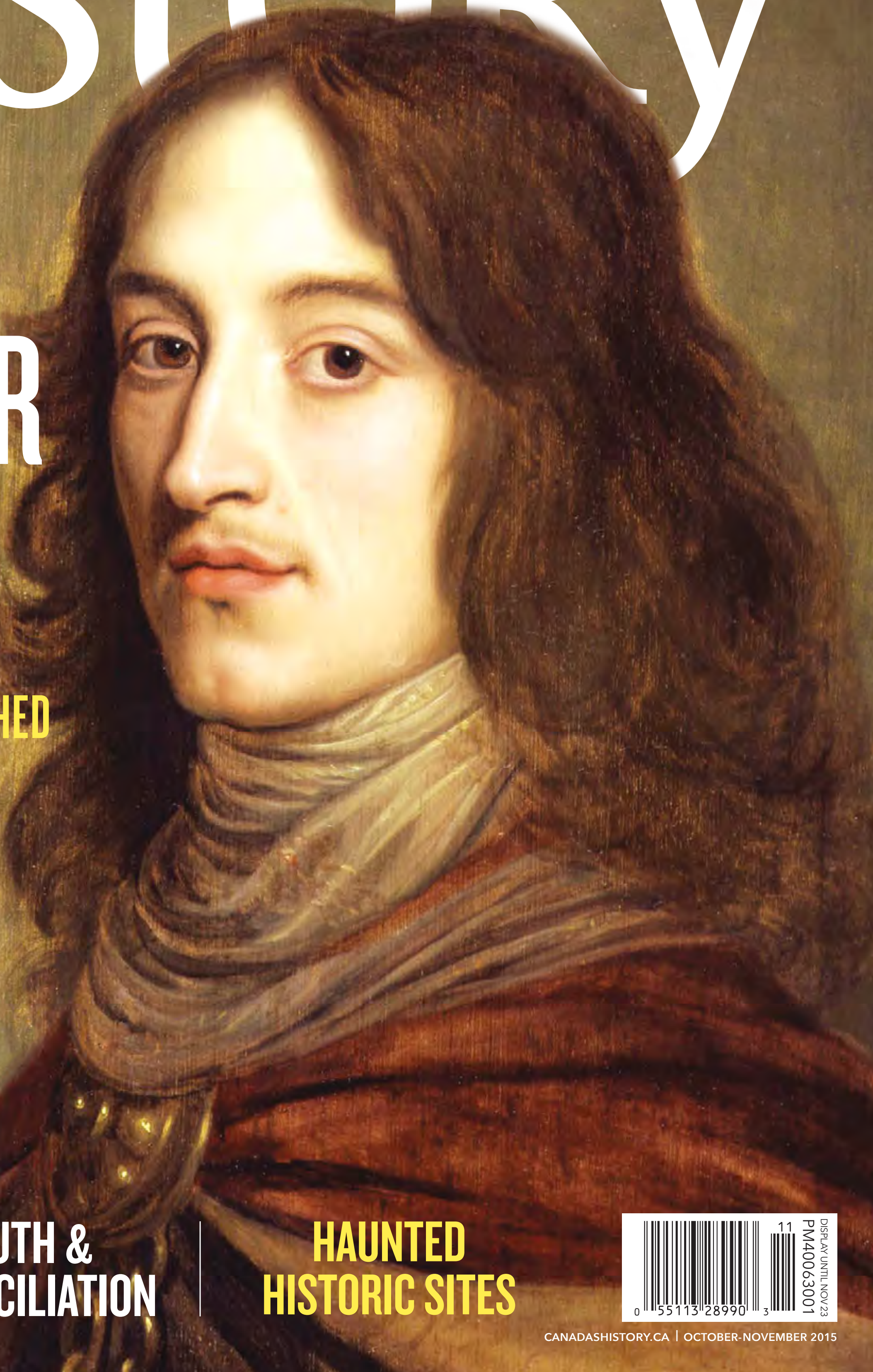
INSIDE VOTES FOR WOMEN: THE LONG FIGHT FOR EQUALITY

CANADA'S
HISTORY
FORMERLY THE BEAVER



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HOW DASHING, DARING PRINCE RUPERT LAUNCHED A FUR TRADE EMPIRE

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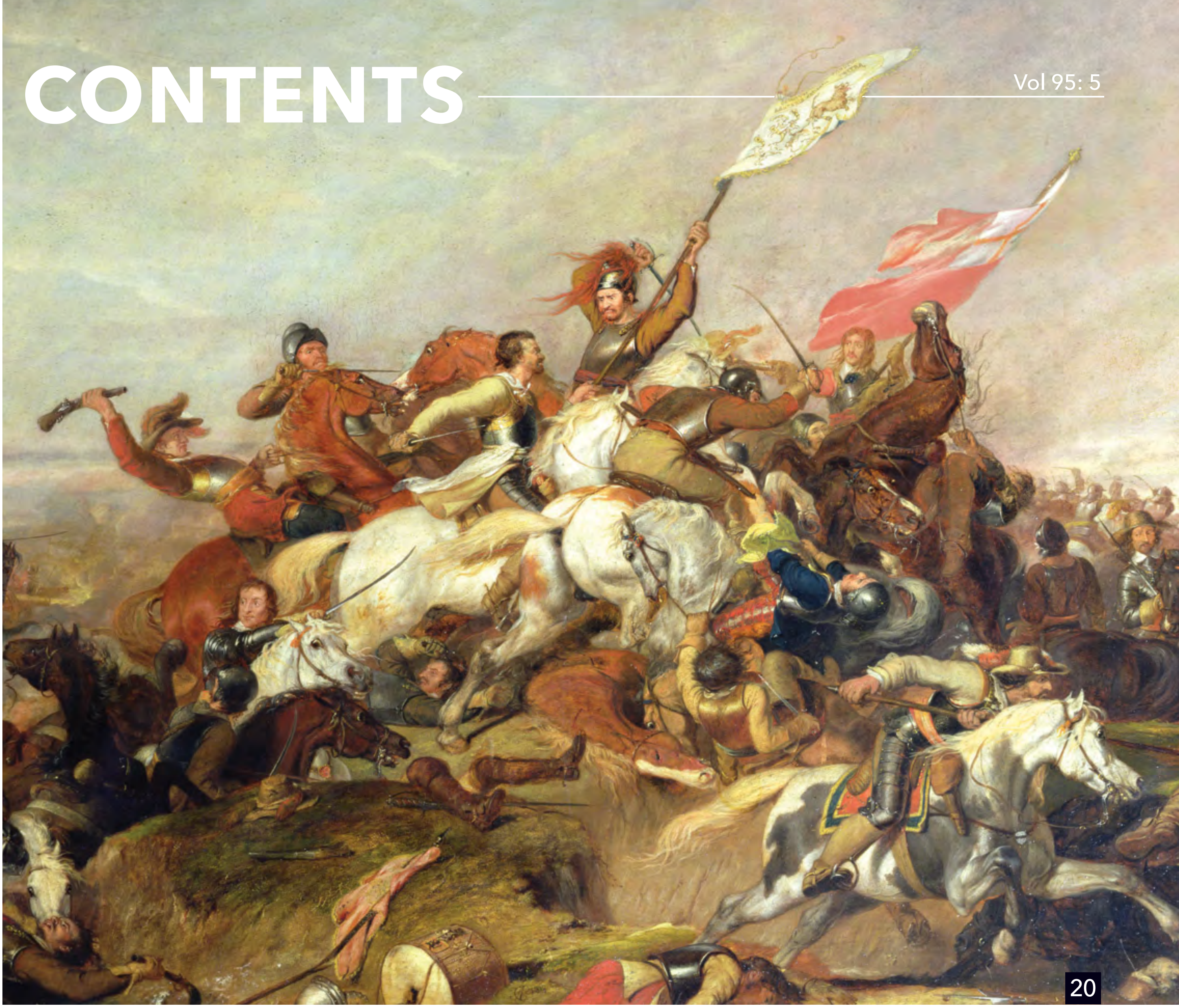
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On the cover

An oil painting of Prince Rupert of the Rhine, first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, by Gerrit van Honthorst, circa 1641–42, from the National Portrait Gallery in London, England.

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Heroes of the Battle of Britain

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Caroline Ouellette
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Gold Medallist,
Six-time World Champion

Shannon Szabados
Two-time Olympic
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Prince who?

Who would make your list of the most important nation makers of Canada? Sir John A. Macdonald? George-Étienne Cartier? George Brown?

Maybe you'd include Louis Riel or, going further back, Samuel de Champlain or Jacques Cartier; or Aboriginal leaders such as Big Bear, Crowfoot, and Poundmaker; or suffragists such as Nellie McClung and Emily Murphy. There are many people who helped to create our country — including the women and newer immigrants whose stories were rarely found in textbooks.

There's one person, however, who, despite his great impact on the country, remains virtually forgotten by most Canadians — except maybe by the residents of a certain coastal city in British Columbia.

Would you believe that Canada owes its existence in part to a swashbuckling royal rascal who was exiled as a boy and was a vagabond for most of his early life?

In this issue, we shine a spotlight on Prince Rupert, who led the royalists against Oliver Cromwell during the English Civil War and who later, and most importantly to us, helped to secure the royal charter for the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England sailing into Hudson's Bay, better known as the Hudson's Bay Company.

In "Rupert's Land," historian Carolyn Harris argues that the prince was far more than just a savvy opportunist who used other people's money to strike the fur-trading motherlode. She says Rupert's success in securing a royal charter for the venture ultimately helped to keep the northwest from falling into American hands.

A common knock against Canadian history is that it's too boring: Our American neighbours seized their independence, while we settled in to wait the Brits out; the U.S. civil war resulted in unbelievable bloodshed, while our rebellions in Upper and Lower Canada ended with a commission of inquiry and Lord Durham's Report.

But Harris's article is a great reminder that the history of Canada brims with colourful characters and stories.

For instance, elsewhere in this issue you will find a feature article about the centuries-old fight for women's suffrage; read spine-tingling tales about supposedly haunted historic sites; and ponder the mysterious disappearance of the ravenous Rocky Mountain locust.

Canada's history is boring? Hardly.

Mark Reid

CONTRIBUTORS

Carolyn Harris ("Rupert's Land") is the author of two recently published books – *Magna Carta and Its Gifts to Canada* and *Queenship and Revolution in Early Modern Europe: Henrietta Maria and Marie Antoinette*. She holds a Ph.D. in history from Queen's University and teaches history at the University of Toronto, School of Continuing Studies. She has written for many publications.

Bill Moreau ("The Flight of the Locust") is the editor of the three-volume *Writings of David Thompson* (The Champlain Society and McGill Queen's University Press). Moreau teaches Grade 5 at Dunlace Public School in North York, Ontario, and has worked as a sessional lecturer at the University of Toronto Scarborough.

Cec Jennings ("Winning Back the Vote") spent forty-five years at newspapers, mostly at the *Globe and Mail*. Married for fifty-seven years to Marg, he has two daughters, two sons, and six grandchildren. He is addicted to history, baseball, and dogs.

James Careless ("Haunted History") has written on Canadian history for *Heritage* and *Legion* magazines, and the *National Post* newspaper. He was a contributing editor to *Chronicle of Canada* and wrote historical vignettes for an Ontario radio series. He holds a joint degree in history and psychology.

GMB Chomichuk ("Haunted History") is an award-winning writer, illustrator, mixed-media artist, and public speaker based in Winnipeg. His work has appeared in various publications, in art galleries, and in film and on television. He also teaches high school.

PHOTO TOP LEFT: ANDREW WORKMAN

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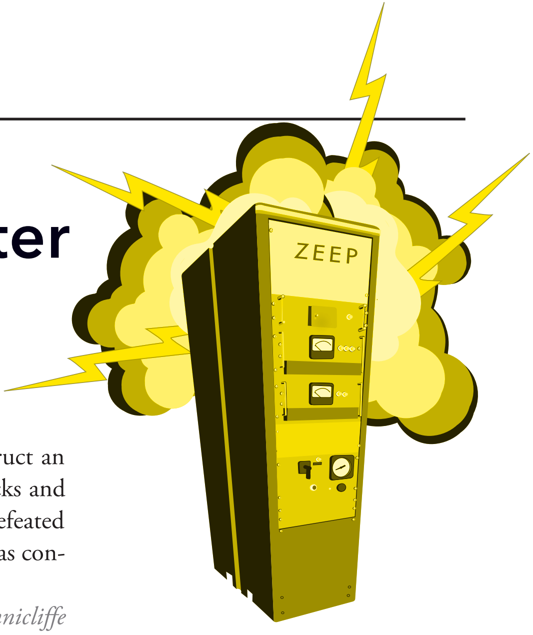
Shedding light on heavy water



A most interesting story on the heavy water plant in Trail, British Columbia ["Canada's A-bomb Secret," August-September 2015] — but I wonder if it stopped a bit too soon. As you indicated, the ZEEP reactor constructed at Chalk River, Ontario, went critical September 5, 1945 — the first outside the United States.

George Lawrence (whom I remember as a neighbour in my childhood) did construct an early nuclear reactor — a 2.5-metre device with wooden walls lined with paraffin blocks and moderated with graphite. Conducted largely in his "spare time" in 1941–42, it was defeated by impurities in the graphite and uranium oxide fuel. Perhaps it was just as well, as it was conducted in the NRC lab in downtown Ottawa! Congratulations on a great story.

Mark Tunnicliffe
Stittsville, Ontario

Feisty settlers

I was absolutely elated with your coverage of the arrival of the Barr colonists in 1903 ["Grit & Gumption," August-September 2015]. I am a direct descendant of colonist George Edward Brown.

There was considerable animosity against Reverend Barr. After a few drinks, some of the settlers showed their displeasure with him by singing, "Barr, Barr, wily old Barr. He will collar your very last dollar, in the valley of the North Saskatchewan."

Barr got the last word, since these feisty colonists are still called the Barr colonists, not the Lloyd colonists.

Fred Perry
Surrey, British Columbia

Flagged by mistake

In the Letters section of the August-September 2015 issue, a reader writes, "Flying of the national flag upside-down is the internationally recognized sign of distress, asking for aid." Perhaps his comment was tongue-in-cheek.

This notion is false. Only in the United States is this upside-down flag thing law.

Why? Ask the French. Or the Japanese. In fact, fly the Canadian flag upside-down, step back five hundred metres, and tell me if you can notice the difference.

Paul Beesley
St. Catharines, Ontario

Worth a second look

I'm a long-time subscriber, and I've been meaning to tell you how much I enjoy the magazine and what a great job all the staff do in making it outstanding. The August-September 2015 issue was so interesting that I reread a number of the articles. The item about France giving up New France and the story about heavy water production were both eye-opening. All the other stories were just as fulfilling. Thank you.

Rob Williams
Parksville, British Columbia

Early Charter exhibits

"The Great Charter" [June-July 2015] states that the Magna Carta has been to Canada once before, when the Bodleian copy appeared at the Manitoba legislature. However, McMaster University exhibited the Lincoln copy in 1984 and again in 1990. I attended one of these exhibits.

John (Jack) Talbot
Burlington, Ontario

An unlucky fate

In the June-July 2015 Roots article "Your Place or Mine?" a purely negative implication of the word "swastika" was given. As far as we know, the origins of the swastika are found in Hinduism, Jainism, and Buddhism. It is a symbol of well-being and good fortune.

J.Y. Bégin
Sudbury, Ontario

Editor's note: Go to page thirteen to see why the Ontario town of Swastika kept its name.

Art off the mark

I read with great interest the article "Frozen Man" in your June-July 2015 issue. The author, Patricia Kirby, knows how to draw her readers into the gripping tale of her ancestor, Augustin Le Bourdais, and hold them there.

However, the rather cartoonish concept of the "living snowman" illustration somehow appears gauche and inappropriate to the seriousness of the story.

Sylvia Adams
Ottawa

Waiting-room delight

I was delighted recently when I visited my doctor's surgery to discover the February-March 2015 edition of *Canada's History.* I immediately began reading "Cook's Canada" while waiting for my appointment.

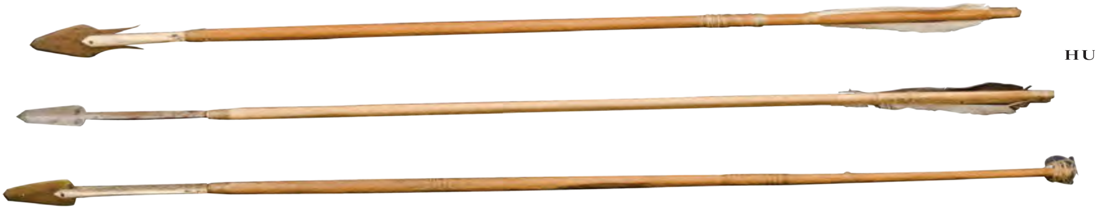
My doctor was ahead of schedule, and I got a funny look when I said, I will be another ten minutes, I just need to finish this article!

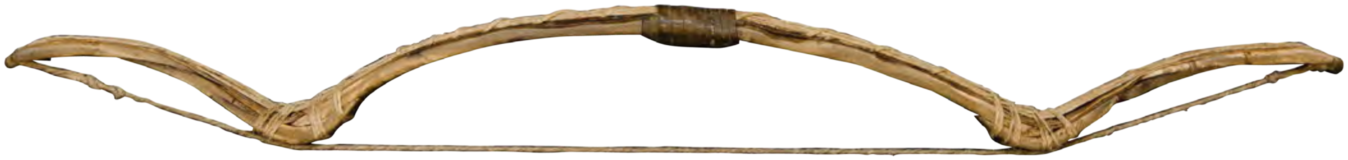
David Tasker
Westbury, Tasmania

Errata

In "Canada's A-bomb Secret" [August-September 2015], the first nuclear test bomb exploded in New Mexico in 1945 was named Trinity, not Trident. Also, the bomb dropped on Hiroshima was fuelled by uranium, not plutonium.

During the fur trade era, outposts regularly received "packets" of letters and correspondence. Email your comments to editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada. Include your address and phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.





Inuit bow and arrows

Tales and Treasures from the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company

Bows and arrows helped Aboriginals catch animals for food and fur, including furs for trade. The appropriate type of bow and arrow would depend on the species of animal being hunted. For example, simple bows were used for smaller animals such as birds, and larger bows were used for hunting caribou and muskox. The Inuit created a variety of arrows, depending on the available resources and the types of animal being hunted. Arrowheads were made from bone, antler, or stone, and sometimes from copper. Following contact with Europeans, arrowheads were more commonly made from metal. Similar to this early twentieth-century example, most bows of its era were made from wood, braided sinew, sealskin, copper rivets, and bone. Hunters stored bows in cases made from sealskin or caribou hide and held arrows in quivers attached to the bow cases. Hunters also carried tools for on-the-go maintenance.
— *Danelle Cloutier*

ARTIFACT FROM THE MANITOBA MUSEUM / PHOTO BY ANDREW WORKMAN

IN THE BEAVER …

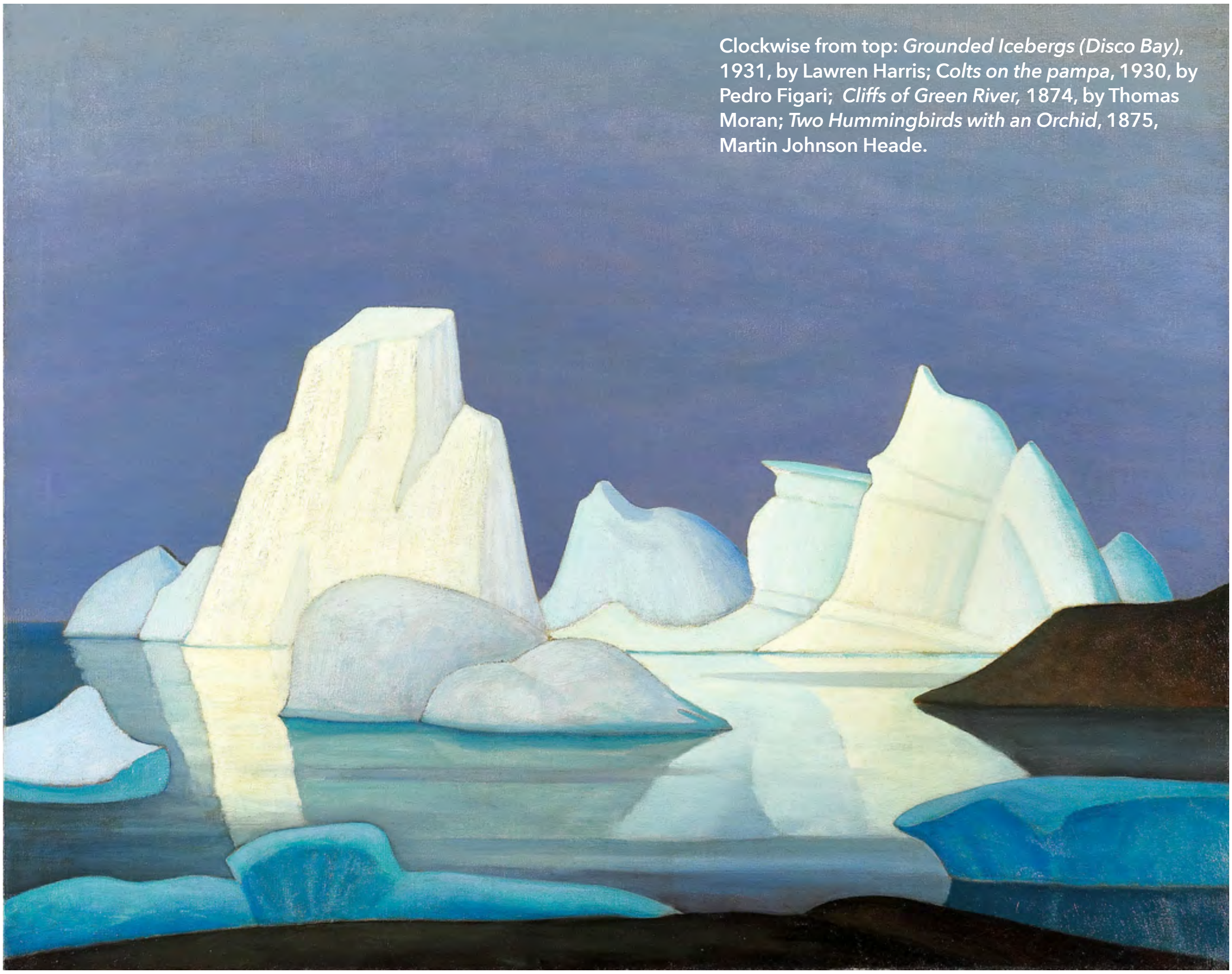
Summer 1965

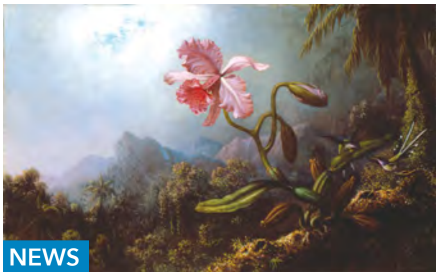
Rankin Inlet resident Robert Williamson penned an article that was accompanied by images of Inuit sculptures from the Keewatin district of what is now Nunavut. "Their carvings stand in chancelleries and palaces across the earth, and speak dynamically for Canada with simple, fluid strength," wrote Williamson, whose article explored Inuit symbolism and cosmology as well as the impacts of commerce and government.

Royal Ontario Museum ethnology curator E.S. Rogers wrote about a 1964 visit to a community east of James Bay – Lake Nemiscau, Quebec, then a Cree settlement and HBC post – where he collected artifacts and photographed the existing way of life. He also found what may have been the last of the "Indian hunting dogs" that had been used during winters to hunt beaver and bear.

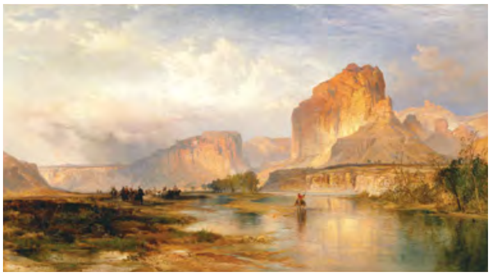
In "Davin – Bald Eagle of the Prairies," Robert Moon related both the accomplishments and the setbacks of Nicholas Flood Davin, who arrived in Regina with the railway in 1882 and came to be known as Saskatchewan's "most colourful" settler. Irish-born Davin founded the *Regina Leader* newspaper, bringing "the community the liveliest journalism it has ever seen," and was re-elected to Parliament despite his "notorious drinking."

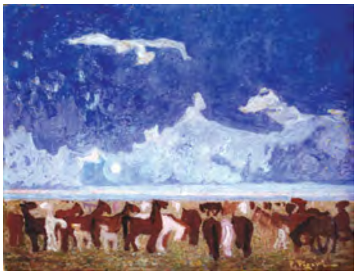
The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to CanadasHistory.ca/TradingPost. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to hbcheritage.ca, or follow HBC's Twitter and Instagram feeds at @HBCHeritage.





NEWS





Clockwise from top: *Grounded Icebergs (Disco Bay)*, 1931, by Lawren Harris; *Colts on the pampa*, 1930, by Pedro Figari; *Cliffs of Green River,* 1874, by Thomas Moran; *Two Hummingbirds with an Orchid*, 1875, Martin Johnson Heade.

COURTESY ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO

Eyeing our surroundings

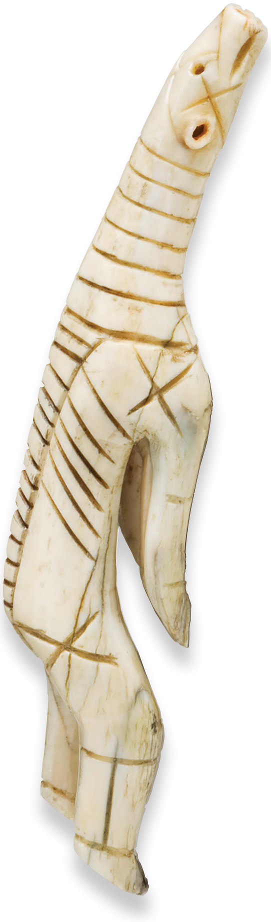
Groundbreaking exhibit explores historic landscapes

What can historic landscape paintings tell us about the peoples who inhabited these spaces? A new international exhibit — one that features twenty artists from Canada — is raising questions about how geography has shaped art in the Americas.

Picturing the Americas: Landscape Painting from Tierra Del Fuego to the Arctic features 118 works from eighty-five artists, including Canadians Emily Carr and Lawren Harris. The oldest painting on exhibit is *Landscape with Figures: A Scene from The Last of the Mohicans*, painted in 1826 by American artist Thomas Cole. The most recent work — *Troje*, by Mexican artist Maria Izquierdo — was created in 1943.

The exhibit debuted at the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto in June and is heading to Arkansas and then to Brazil, where it will open just prior to the 2016 Summer Olympic Games in Rio de Janeiro. — *Mark Collin Reid*

OBJECT OF INTEREST



The Igloolik bear

This small ivory sculpture of a bear was carved during the middle Dorset period, between 1,500 and 2,000 years ago.

The exquisite piece is both an emblem of shamanic transformation and an icon of a profound relationship between the Dorset people and the polar bear.

Danish archaeologist Jørgen Meldgaard excavated the carving from Alarnerk, an archaeological site on the Melville Peninsula near Igloolik, Nunavut, in the 1950s.

This artifact is part of the collection of the Canadian Museum of History.

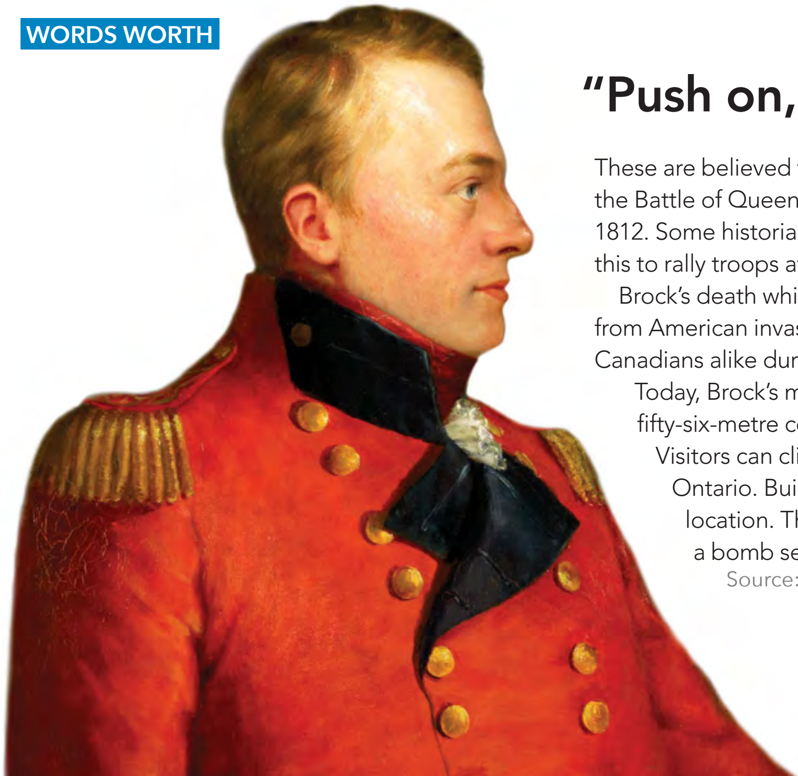
SIGNPOSTS

Swastika, Ontario

The name of a village in northern Ontario that used to mean "lucky" or "peace" now carries an infamous connotation. Swastika was a railway stop named after two local mines in 1908 — long before Adolf Hitler's Nazi party adopted the ancient symbol of good luck in 1920.

During the Second World War, the Ontario government removed the Swastika sign and replaced it with a sign that read, "Winston." Residents didn't take to the new name, which was dedicated to Winston Churchill, and instead replaced it with the original Swastika sign. The owner of a local pharmacy — Swastika Drug Co. Ltd. — that carried the symbol on its sign even produced matchboxes that read, "Hitler be damned — this is our sign since 1922." The Swastika sign still stands today. — *Danelle Cloutier*

WORDS WORTH


LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES

"Push on, brave York volunteers!"

These are believed to be Major General Isaac Brock's dying words at the Battle of Queenston Heights, which took place on October 13, 1812. Some historians say the famous British general actually shouted this to rally troops at nearby York (now Toronto) prior to the battle.

Brock's death while defending Queenston Heights, Upper Canada, from American invasion made him a martyr and a hero to Britons and Canadians alike during the War of 1812.

Today, Brock's memory is preserved through Brock's Monument, a fifty-six-metre column that towers over Queenston Heights Park. Visitors can climb the column for views of Niagara Falls and Lake Ontario. Built in 1853, the column is the second to stand at this location. The first, completed in 1827, was badly damaged by a bomb set by an anti-British agitator in 1840.

Source: Colombo's Concise Canadian Quotations.

GLENBOW

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

Grey Owl

Grey Owl's admirers likely thought he was too good to be true — and they were right.

The eco-evangelist struck a chord with urbanites in the 1930s with his message of respecting nature, not lording over it. His words likely carried extra weight due to his "Apache" ancestry and indigenous knowledge.

The trapper-turned-conservationist certainly cut a striking figure in his deerskin coat and with his long, dark ponytail, and he was a popular lecturer on the benefits of environmentalism.

The trouble was, Grey Owl wasn't Aboriginal at all. He was actually an Englishman named Archie Belaney.

After developing a fascination for First Nations culture as a boy, Belaney moved to Canada to find adventure in the early 1900s.

Here he is shown feeding a baby beaver in 1936 at Riding Mountain National Park in Manitoba. Grey Owl and his wife, Anahareo, kept two beavers as pets and lived for years at Prince Albert National Park in Saskatchewan, where they were vocal advocates for nature conservation. Grey Owl's true identity was only revealed after his 1938 death, when an exposé about him ran in an Ontario newspaper.

— Mark Collin Reid

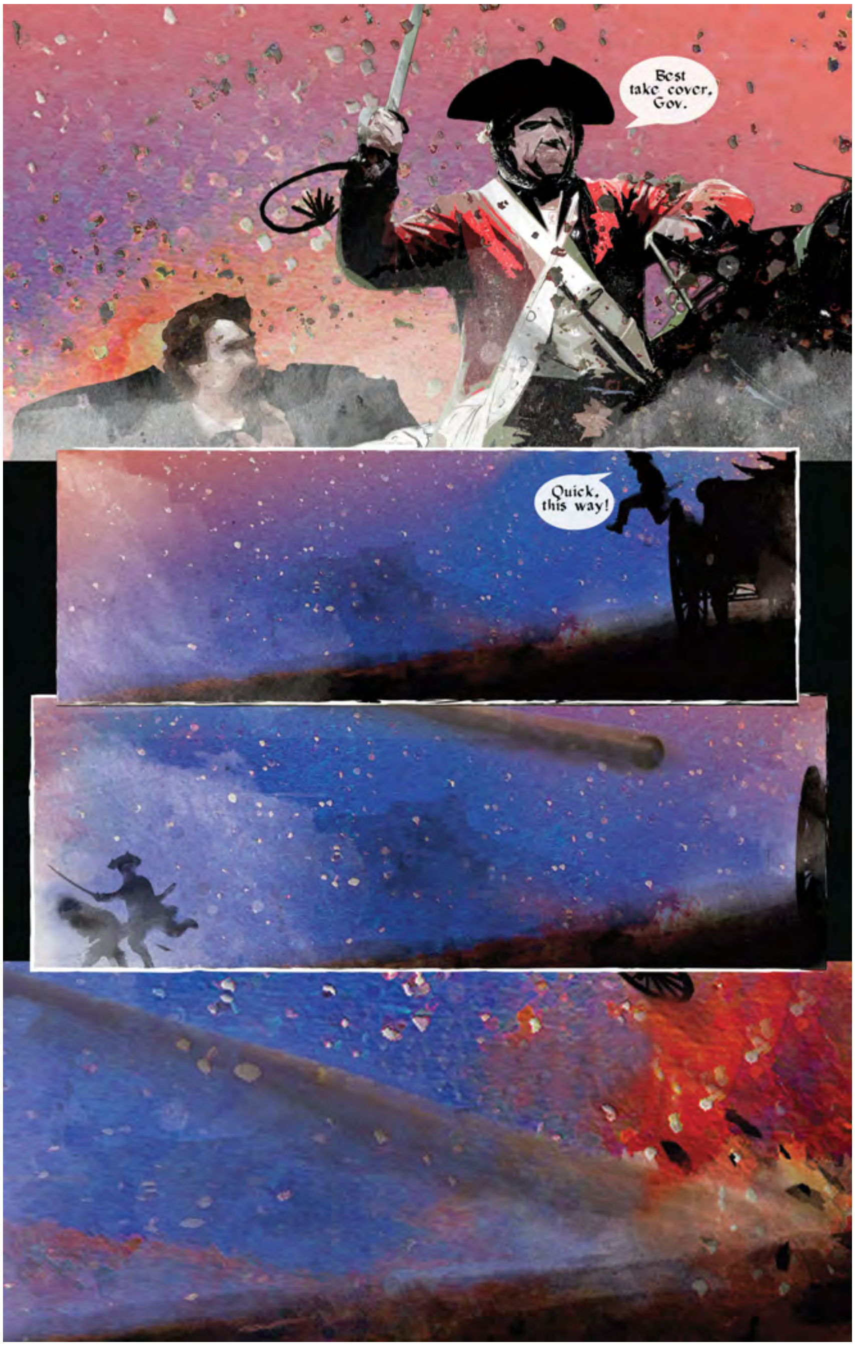
// To watch a short film on Grey Owl and Anahareo, go to: CanadasHistory.ca/GreyOwl

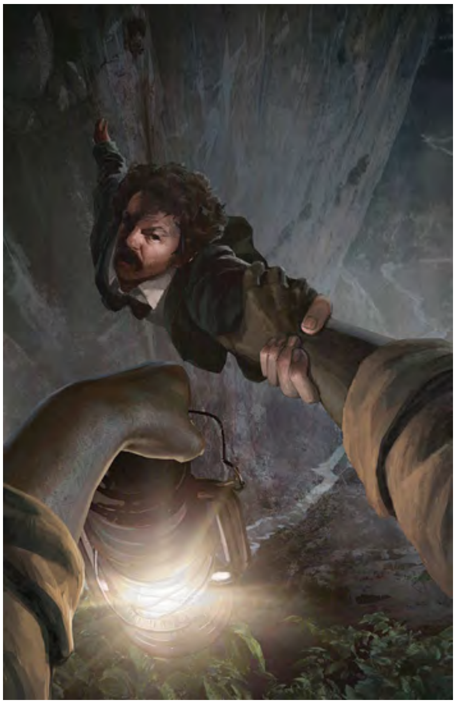
NEWS

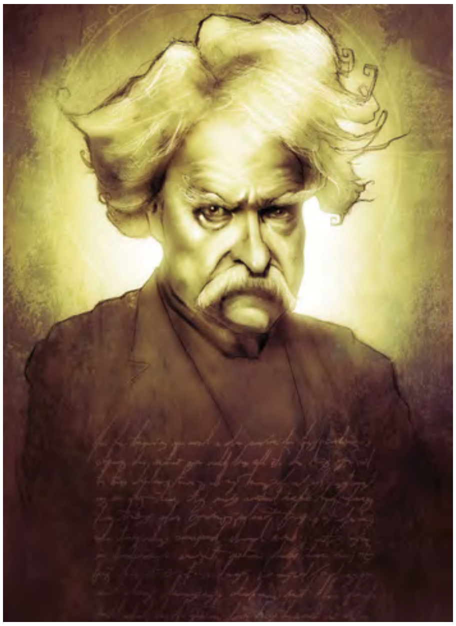
Niagara region's history gets graphic treatment

Niagara Falls has had many famous visitors over the years, including Samuel Clemens — better known by his pen name, Mark Twain — the author of *Tom Sawyer* and other classics.

Now, a Toronto comic book publisher is hoping to put a fantastic spin on an 1893 story Twain wrote about his visit to the region. *Mark Twain's Niagara* will blend history and fantasy, says Alternate History Comics, Inc. president Andy Stanleigh. "It's not just a story about Niagara Falls," Stanleigh said. "There's the underground railroad, the War of 1812, the legend of the Maid of the Mist, death-defying stunts, mysteries and more." The publisher hopes to crowdfund the project. To learn more, go to: CanadasHistory.ca/TwainComic.


Best take cover, Gov.
Quick, this way!





ALTERNATE HISTORY COMICS INC.

DRESS CODES

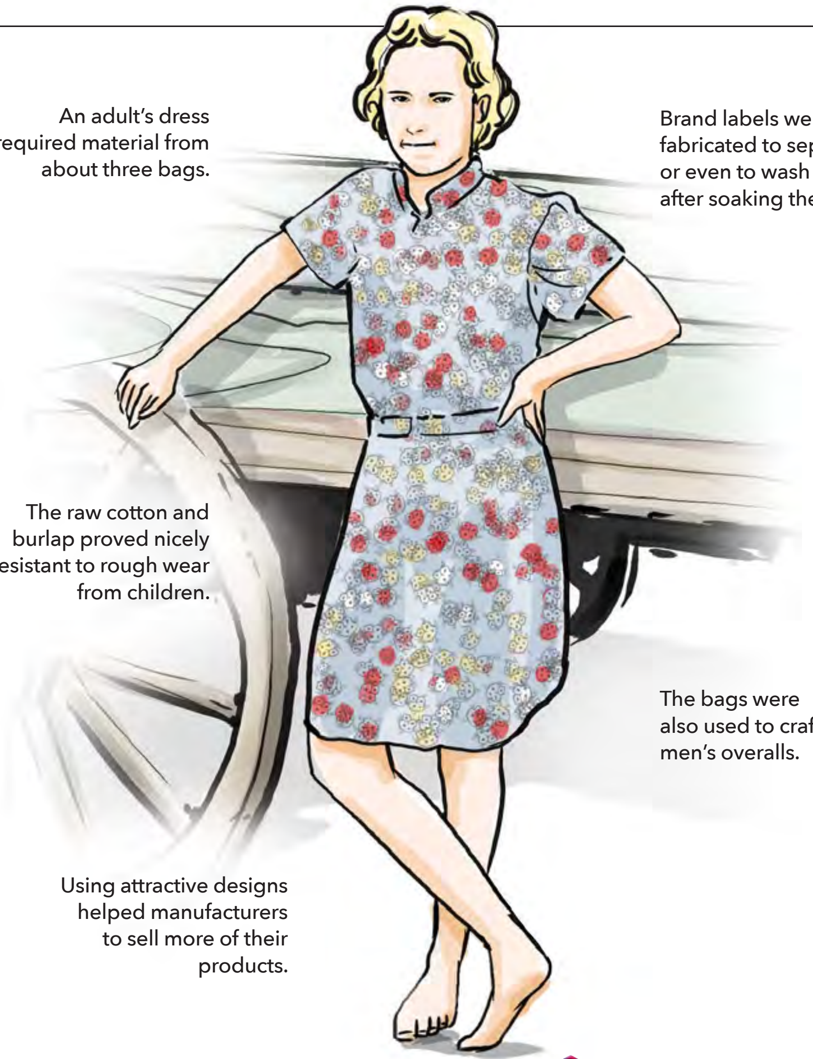
Flour sack dress

Dressing during the Great Depression pushed women to the seams of their creativity. When searching for materials, they often opted for the raw cotton or burlap sacks in which kitchen flour or animal feed was delivered.

With a few threads and an eye for detail, the unappealing pantry bag became a Depression-era fashion item for working-class women in rural Canada.

Companies realized how the bags were being repurposed and aided the effort by printing pleasant designs, fringes, and borders on the fabric. In some cases, the patterns for children's clothes, bibs, and rag dolls were outlined on the bags.

As Canada regained its economic stability in the 1940s, the flour sack dress lost its allure. The Second World War gave the dress a second wind, before it fell out of fashion in the 1950s. — *Jessica Knapp*



An adult's dress required material from about three bags.

Brand labels were fabricated to separate, or even to wash away, after soaking the bag.

The raw cotton and burlap proved nicely resistant to rough wear from children.

The bags were also used to craft men's overalls.

Using attractive designs helped manufacturers to sell more of their products.

NEWS

Seeing the light

Contest helps preserve historic Nova Scotia beacons

Nova Scotia's lighthouses have rescued countless mariners over the centuries. However, many of these historic beacons, weathered by time, need a lifeline of their own.

Thankfully, a recent online contest has resulted in a $300,000 funding infusion to help repair and preserve these iconic structures.

The National Trust for Canada launched the contest last summer, asking citizens to go online to pledge money and to cast votes for a collection of needy lighthouses. More than 220,000 votes were cast, and nine beacons shared $250,000 in prize money. An additional $50,000 was raised via crowdfunding.

Carolyn Quinn, spokesperson for the National Trust, said the organization is pleased with the outcome and intends to use this fundraising model for future heritage preservation campaigns.

To see a gallery of the winning lighthouses, go to: CanadasHistory.ca/lighthouses.

Annapolis lighthouse, Nova Scotia.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

CHRISTOPHER MOORE

Fort Simpson Indian Residential School, Northwest Territories, 1922.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Truth and inspiration

Self-determination is the answer to the residential school tragedy.

I did not rush in to Edmund Metatawabin's much-admired memoir, *Up Ghost River*. It's a residential schools memoir. I knew it was not going to be lazy summer reading.

In the 2007 Indian Residential Schools Settlement Agreement, the federal government and several churches accepted liability for the abuse heaped upon thousands of Aboriginal children. In partial compensation, a fund of $5 billion was established. The survivors used some of that money to help the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada bring those who suffered in the schools together with those who controlled them.

In June 2015, commission head Murray Sinclair set out the massive body of evidence demonstrating that the many decades of residential schooling, designed to "kill the Indian, save the man," had been an attempt at cultural genocide. Historian Richard Gwyn promptly declared, "it would be very hard to find anyone who believes Canadians are the kind of people who engage in cultural genocide." Truth and reconciliation both seemed very far away.

That's when I took up Metatawabin's book. He was born in 1947 to parents who were Cree trappers at Fort Albany, Ontario, on James Bay. They lived traditionally, getting poorer as the animals thinned out. Everyone in authority said that for jobs, for future prosperity, Metatawabin's only hope was schooling. On his reserve, the school was only a few minutes away, but it was residential. For eight years, starting at the age of seven, young Edmund saw his family only at Christmas and at the summer break. Inside the fences lay an alien world, unilingually English, under the thumb of white teachers. He wasn't even Edmund, anymore; they called him Number Four.

Whippings and beatings began the first day. Eventually, teachers made him eat vomit and strapped him to an electroshock chair for punishment. Sexual abuse was constant. The only white person who offered Edmund kindness was also grooming him for rape.

Metatawabin shows that the residential schools would have been a total failure even if the people running them had been saintly in using their vast and arbitrary powers. After a century of the schooling that was supposed to be helping them, Aboriginal Canadians were more destitute and had fewer opportunities either in the white man's world or in their own. As Metatawabin put it, all they had learned was that, "as natives, we're always at the bottom."

After the concentration-camp early chapters, *Up Ghost River* actually becomes inspirational. Despite the schools' massive failure rates, Metatawabin earned two degrees. He beat despair, alienation, and addiction. He has been married forty-five years, raised a large family, and became a teacher, leader, and entrepreneur at Fort Albany.

Successes like Metatawabin's often inspire policy-makers to promote more and better education for First Nations people. But his take on history convinced me that the issue is not education; it is power.

In his long struggle to make something of himself, Metatawabin got little of lasting value from white churches, white schools, white therapists, or white officials, even when they meant well.

The therapy that has helped, the jobs that have worked out, the programs that have done good in his communities — they have all been indigenous-run and tradition-centred.

Governments' ideas for Aboriginal education still usually involve integrating Aboriginal kids into mainstream schools. But if the power relationship is unchanged, the failure is predictable.

Endlessly undermining Aboriginal self-sufficiency to keep First Nations dependent on handouts — and then squabbling about them — is a recipe for a bleak future.

If non-native Canadians started to take the treaties seriously, First Nations would have the resources to run their own affairs, including their own educational programs.

Edmund Metatawabin is unique, but there are lots like him waiting to seize that chance — if we could give up the power.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of Canada's History.

RUPERT’S LAND

The dashing prince who did much to shape the direction of Canada was not your run-of-the-mill royal.

by Carolyn Harris

SOMETIMES THE COURSE OF HISTORY hinges on small things, such as the baby who was almost left behind when members of his household escaped their embattled castle in Prague in November of 1620. Eleven-month-old Prince Rupert of the Rhine was crying on the floor of a drawing room in the empty Hradcany Castle, forgotten or abandoned by his nurse as the household fled the approaching army. A final search of the palace by the royal chamberlain saved baby Rupert, who was tossed into the last carriage to leave the castle.

Thanks to the servant’s quick action, Rupert survived to grow up in exile, land at the court of his English royal relatives as an adult, and use his influence to establish the Hudson’s Bay Company, thereby shaping Canada’s destiny.

Rupert certainly left his mark on the map of Canada. For two hundred years, from 1670 to 1870, the Hudson Bay drainage basin was known as Rupert’s Land, honouring the prince’s founding role as first governor of the Hudson’s Bay Company. This vast territory ultimately became the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan as well as southern Alberta, southern Nunavut, northern Ontario, and northern Quebec. It also included parts of what are now Montana, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota.

Today, Prince Rupert’s name remains a part of Canadian geography. He is the namesake of the city of Prince Rupert, British Columbia, the Prince Rupert neighbourhood in northwest Edmonton, and Quebec’s Rupert River, which drains into Rupert Bay on James Bay. Despite all this, the man behind the name on the map is virtually unknown to Canadians.

The history section of the Hudson’s Bay Company’s website acknowledges that “it took the vision and connections of Prince Rupert, cousin of King Charles II, to acquire the Royal Charter which, in May, 1670 granted the lands of the Hudson Bay watershed to ‘the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson’s Bay.’”

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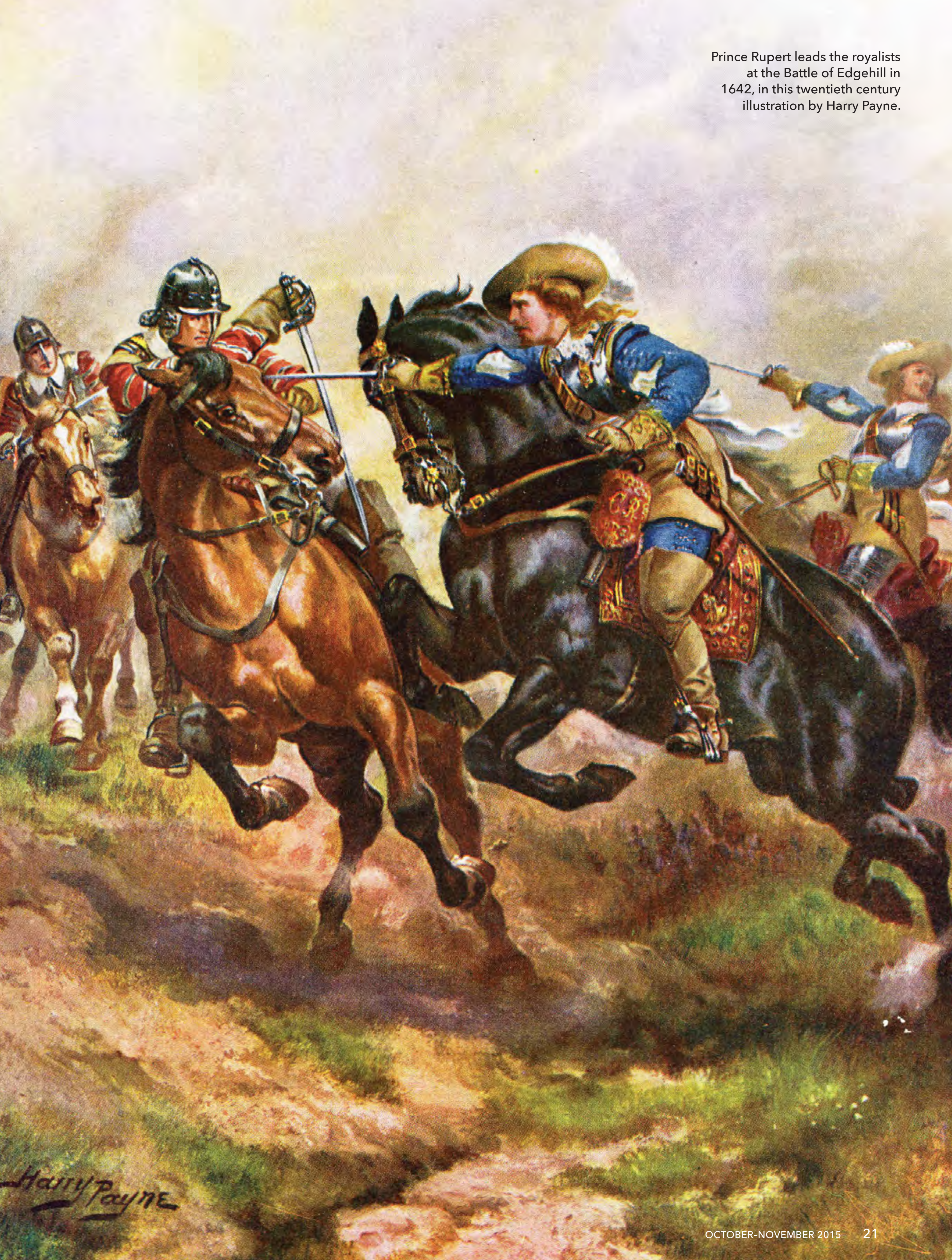
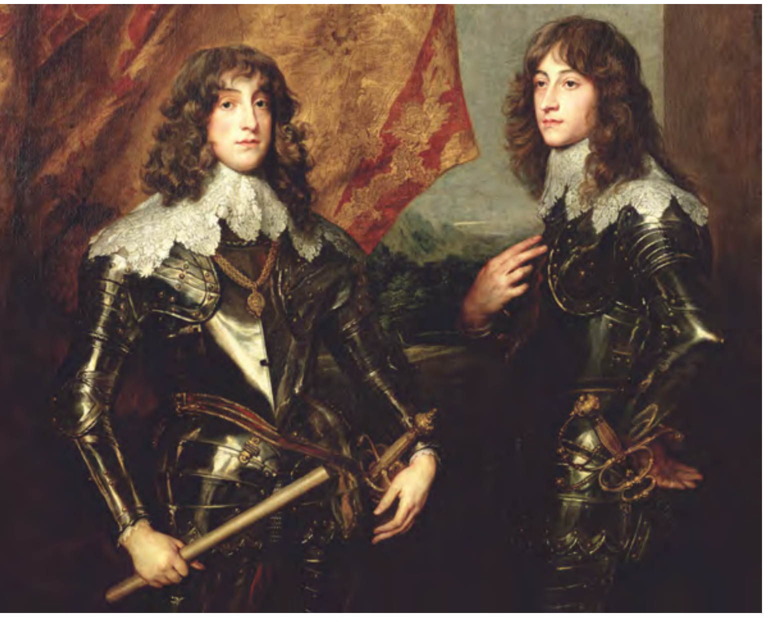


Prince Rupert leads the royalists at the Battle of Edgehill in 1642, in this twentieth century illustration by Harry Payne.

But who was Prince Rupert? Like King Louis XIV of France, who transformed New France into a royal province, or Queen Victoria of Great Britain, whose birthday is a national holiday in Canada to celebrate her role as a "Mother of Confederation," Rupert is one of those royal personages who had a profound influence on Canada without ever setting foot on Canadian soil. The first HBC governor, however, was not a typical royal.

In contrast to Louis XIV or Victoria, who spent most of their lives in their homelands and came into secure royal inheritances, Rupert was a wanderer, a younger son of an exiled king. The political turmoil of seventeenth-century Europe obliged Rupert to find his own way in the world. Rupert applied his formidable energy and intellect to a wide variety of professions. Over the course of his lifetime, he would become a soldier, an artist, a general, a privateer, and a scientist. But most of all he would be an explorer and traveller, eager to find new possibilities in new lands.

The circumstances of Rupert's flight from Prague as an infant during the Thirty Years War (1618–48) shaped the course of his entire life. His father was Prince Frederick of the Rhine. Frederick was a Calvinist, so, when Protestant Bohemians in Prague rebelled against the Catholic Holy Roman Emperor Ferdinand II, he took their side, becoming king of Bohemia (the modern-day Czech Republic) in 1619.



Prince Rupert, right, with his older brother, Prince Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, in a 1637 painting by Anthony Van Dyck.

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His reign lasted just over one year. Seeking to make an example of the prince who had dared to usurp the Bohemian throne, Emperor Ferdinand confiscated Frederick's castle in Heidelberg and his lands along the Rhine. The now homeless Frederick — nicknamed the Winter King for his short reign — found refuge with his family in the Netherlands.

At the Prisenhof palace in Leiden, his thirteen children, including young Rupert, played games of make-believe, arranging chairs into an imaginary carriage and pretending they were going home to Heidelberg.

As he grew into a young man, Rupert realized that his family would not be going home to a comfortable royal inheritance anytime soon. His father died in 1632. The only chance his family had to regain their German lands was to obtain the support of his mother's powerful relatives in Britain. Rupert's mother, Princess Elizabeth, was the older sister of King Charles I of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In 1635, she sent the high-spirited Rupert and his more subdued elder brother Charles Louis to England to be received at the king's court.

Rupert's mother realized that sending her brilliant but impetuous third son to England was a bit of a risk. She wrote to Sir Henry Vane at the English court, asking him, "give your good counsel to Rupert, for he is still a little giddy, though not so much as he has been. I pray tell him when he doth ill, for he is good-natured enough, but doth not always think of what he should do."

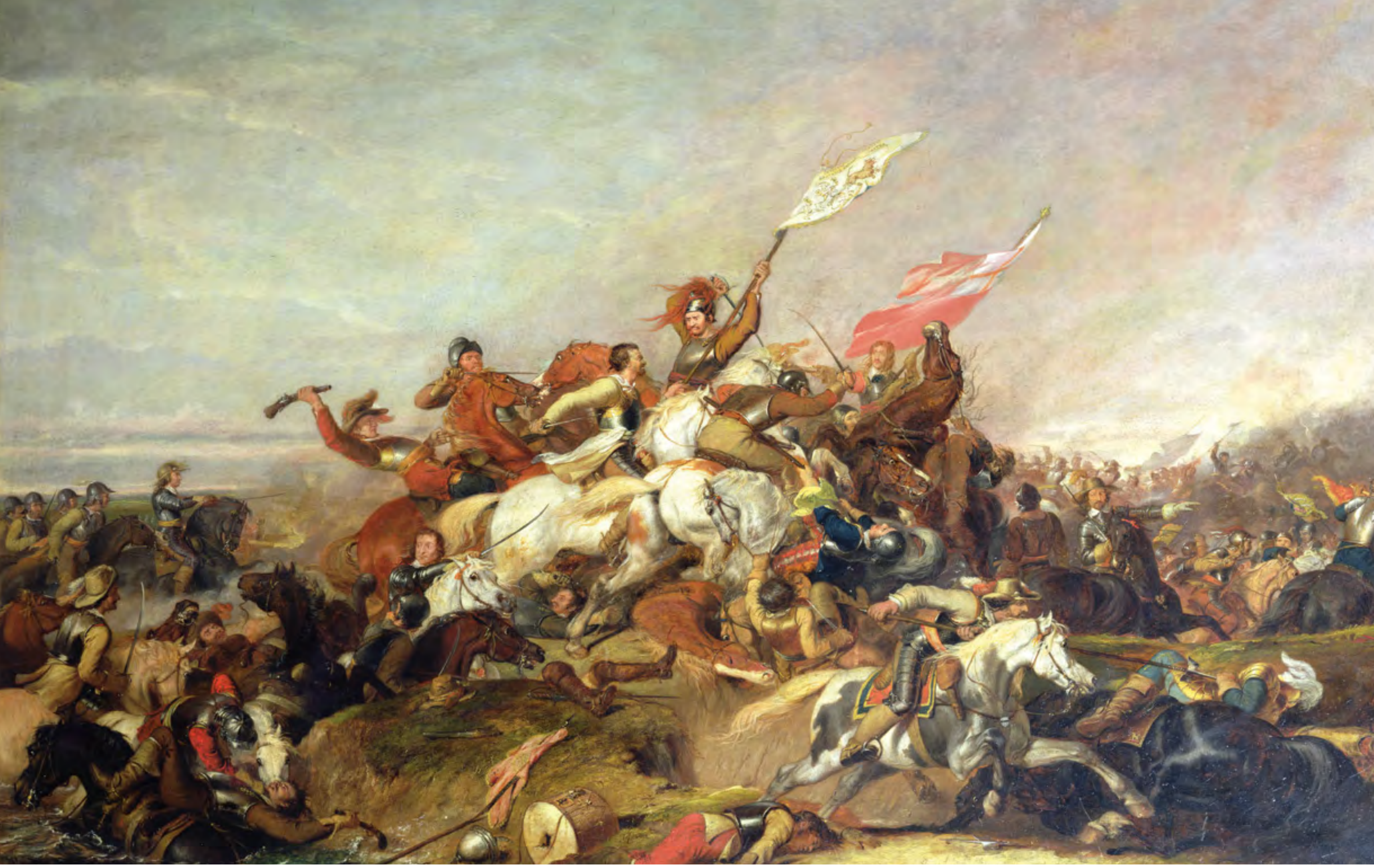
The tall, dark-haired sixteen-year-old Rupert was a handsome young man and made a big impression at the English court, in part because of his straightforward manners. While experienced courtiers were careful to speak without giving offence, Rupert expressed his opinions without reserve, a trait that impressed his uncle the king and that would later enable Rupert to successfully argue the merits of establishing an English fur-trading empire on the remote shores of Hudson Bay.

As early as 1637, Rupert's interest in exploration was clear. The restless young prince was very keen to carry out an English proposal to establish a colony on the island of Madagascar off the southeast coast of Africa and to have himself act as governor. His mother, however, thought it was a silly idea. "As for Rupert's romance of Madagascar, it sounds like one of Don Quixote's conquests where he promised his trusty squire to make him king of an island," Elizabeth wrote. With the Thirty Years War raging on the continent, she urged her son to return to Holland and to serve as a soldier under the Prince of Orange. He dutifully did so but was captured and imprisoned in a castle in Austria for three years. During that time he was allowed to hunt and to pursue other pastimes, including a romance with the daughter of the local governor.

His uncle's diplomacy eventually got him out of prison, and by 1642 twenty-three-year-old Rupert was in England serving as Charles I's right hand military man during the English Civil War. As a royalist military advisor, task force commander, and director of cavalry, he won some early victories and gained a reputation as a daring fighter. Rupert became the quintessential royalist Cavalier: bold and fearless with a graceful bearing and long hair, always impeccably dressed in scarlet coats and wide lace collars.

His youthful brashness also made him controversial. His loyalty was to his uncle alone, and he had little interest in the complexities of English politics. "The prince was rough and passionate and loved not debate," according to his contemporary Edward Hyde, the Earl of Clarendon, in his history of the English Civil War.

In a letter to the Earl of Essex, who led the parliamentary forces opposing the king, Rupert was characteristically straightforward: "I know my cause to be so just that I need not fear. For what I do is agreeable both to the laws of God and man, in defence of true religion, a King's prerogative, an uncle's right, a kingdom's safety.



The Battle of Marston Moor, 1644 by Abraham Cooper, 1819. The event was one of the major battles of the English Civil War.

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Now, I have said all, and what more you expect of me be said shall be delivered in a larger field than a small sheet of paper and that by my sword and not my pen."

The king's other military leaders objected to Rupert's critical appraisals of their tactics, while his opponents accused him of brutality, stating in their propaganda that he introduced the word "plunder" into the English language.

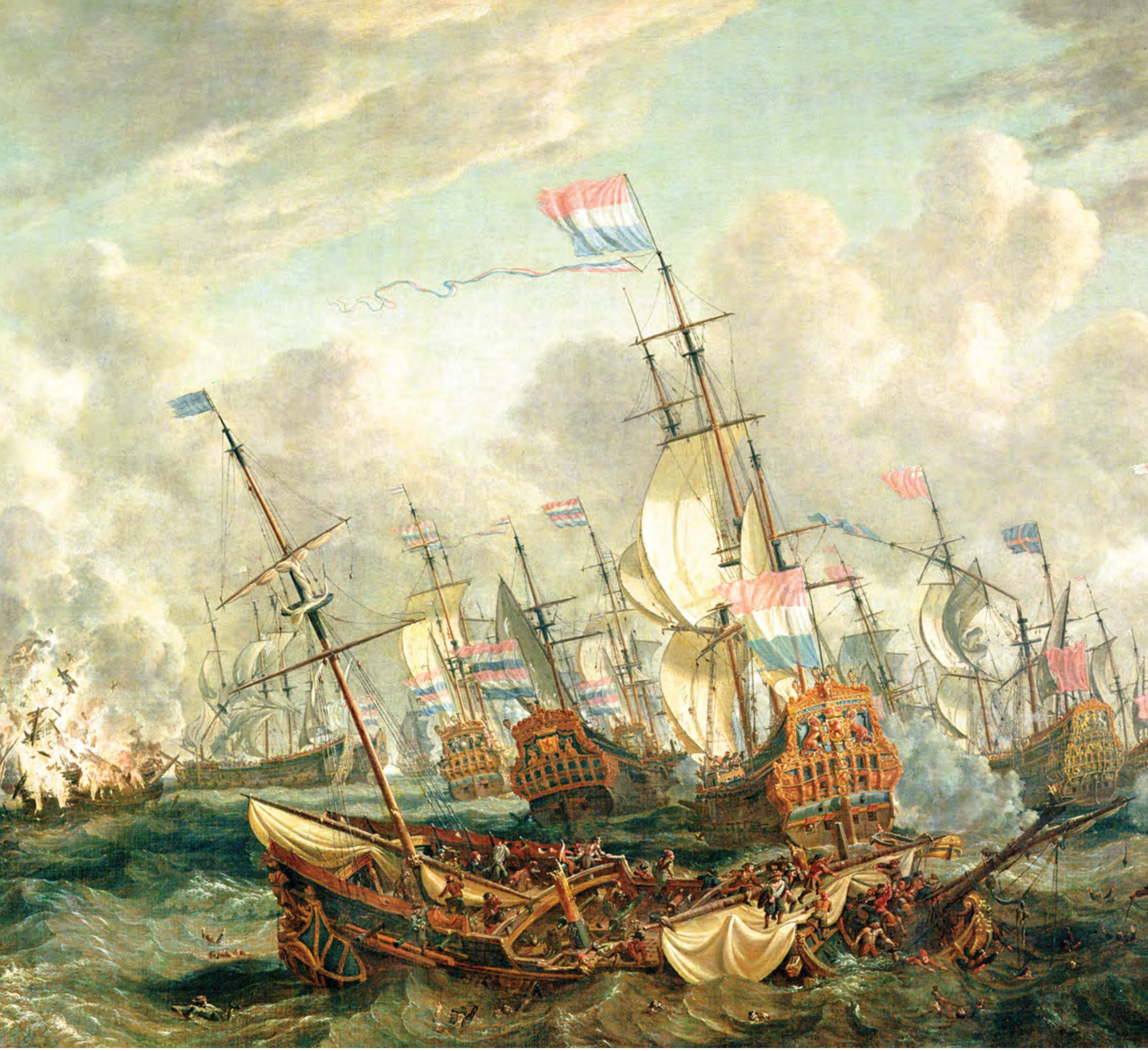
One notorious incident attributed to Rupert took place after his Cavalier forces captured Birmingham in April 1643. A parliamentary account stated that Rupert and his men "outraged the women, broke windows, spoiled the goods they could not take away, leaving little to some but bare walls, some nothing but clothes on their backs," before setting fire to the town. Rupert dismissed these accounts as "hackney, rambling pamphlets" and insisted that he had spared the city and that the fire occurred contrary to his command after he had left the area.

By 1645, however, the royalist forces were being soundly defeated, and Rupert advised Charles I to seek a treaty with Parliament. Instead, the king regarded Rupert as having failed the royalist cause and banished him from England. Rupert landed on his feet in France, where he fought with the French army in its war against Spain. His life as a soldier ended with the 1648 Treaty of Westphalia, which ended the Thirty Years War. The same treaty also erased his chance at obtaining a royal inheritance. The treaty gave Rupert's elder brother Charles Louis part of their late father's lands in southern Germany, but there was no settlement provided for the younger siblings.

At the age of twenty-nine, with no inheritance coming to him, Rupert patched up his relationship with his English relatives and embarked on a new life as a privateer. His previous loyalty to Charles I — who was executed by parliamentary forces in 1649 — was transferred to the king's exiled son, Charles II. Charles II gave Rupert command of some warships that remained in royalist hands, as well as letters of marque allowing him to seize vessels trading with England, which had became a protectorate under Oliver Cromwell in 1653. Thus Rupert would embark on an unprecedented voyage for a European prince, exploring the west coast of Africa, crossing the Atlantic, and seeing the possibilities of the New World for himself.

Rupert lost no time getting to work. Accompanied by his younger brother Maurice, he escaped from a naval blockade in Ireland and set sail for Portugal, seizing four merchant vessels during the voyage. In one letter, Rupert boasted of taking a ship from Newfoundland, saying, "we took all her fish and fried the half." In Lisbon, Rupert and Maurice received a warm reception from King Joao IV of Portugal, a firm supporter of the royalist cause who hoped to marry his daughter, Catherine of Braganza, to Charles II (they did in fact marry in 1662). From Portugal, the fleet continued to the west coast of Africa, where the privateer princes seized Spanish ships along the Gambia River.

The fleet's next destination was the English colony of Barbados, whose colonists had remained loyal to the Crown. Rupert had hoped to find a safe haven there, but an English Commonwealth fleet arrived before him and compelled Barbados to surrender. Even worse, hurricanes sank two of Rupert's four ships. He lost booty as well as his younger brother Maurice. The grief-stricken Rupert recorded in his journal that his brother "lived beloved and



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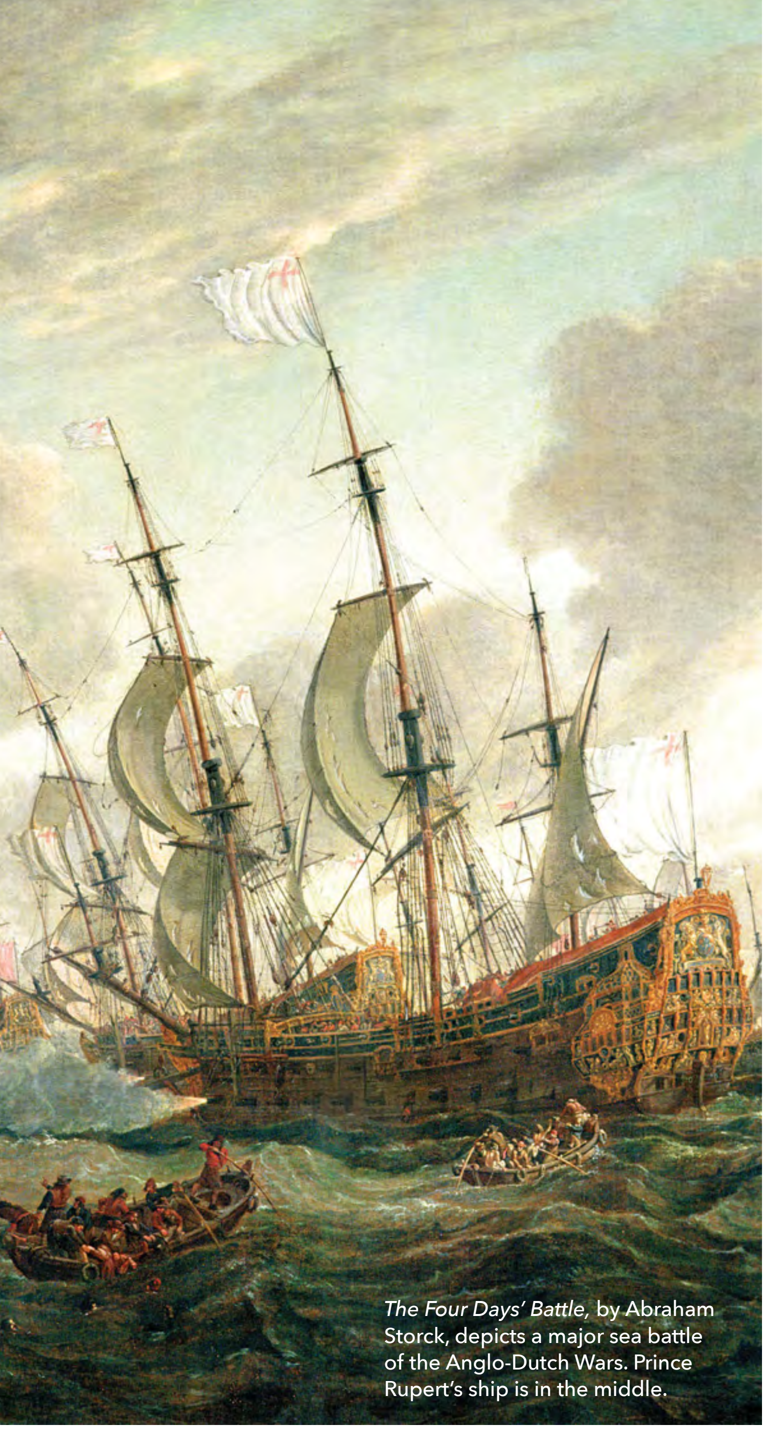
died bewailed.” Rupert and his remaining ships and men returned to Europe in 1653 with little to contribute to the royalist cause.

The journey, however, had a profound effect on Rupert’s world view. He had seen more of the world than any of the surviving members of Europe’s royal houses and saw first-hand the possibilities of long-distance trade. His journals from the voyage carefully catalogued the resources on each of the Caribbean islands he had visited with his fleet.

After the restoration of the English monarchy in 1660, Rupert was better positioned than the rest of the royal family to consider the extraordinary findings of two French explorers: Pierre-Esprit Radisson and Médard Chouart Des Groseilliers.

The Restoration brought the forty-one-year-old Rupert more stability than he had enjoyed at any other time in his life. The new king, Charles II, made his cousin the governor of Windsor Castle, giving him a permanent home. Rupert never had the income sufficient for marriage to a princess, but there was nothing to stop him from taking mistresses. His long-time companion was the actress Margaret “Peg” Hughes. Hughes — a plump, dark-eyed beauty — was one of the first actresses to play the role of Desdemona in William Shakespeare’s *Othello*, and she caught Rupert’s eye performing onstage at the King’s Theatre. Their daughter, Ruperta, was born in 1673. Rupert delighted in his new family, purchasing a stately home for his mistress and child.

The prince, middle-aged by the standards of his time, served the king as an admiral in the Royal Navy during the Anglo-Dutch Wars of the 1660s, but the Restoration gave him more time to pursue his many interests. In 1662 he became a founding member of the Royal Society. He experimented with improvements to gunpowder, shot, and guns. The prince’s finances, however, remained



The Four Days' Battle, by Abraham Storck, depicts a major sea battle of the Anglo-Dutch Wars. Prince Rupert's ship is in the middle.

straitened by royal standards, and he was eager for opportunities to increase his income. The possibilities demonstrated by the voyages of Radisson and Des Groseilliers combined Rupert's need for money with his interest in exploration.

The two French explorers had undertaken expeditions into regions of modern-day Canada that were virtually unknown to Europeans. In 1658–59, they travelled beyond Lake Superior and discovered that beaver furs were plentiful in the region north and west of Superior. At that time in Europe, beaver had become scarce. But the popularity of felt hats made from beaver fur was greater than ever. Fashionable, durable, and waterproof, the hats became status symbols in Restoration England. Radisson and Des Groseilliers saw the potential to transform the fur trade from a subsistence activity to a source of untold riches by bringing the beaver felt of the Hudson Bay watershed to the eager European

MAN OF WAR

Prince Rupert lived in an age of constant conflict.

Thirty Years War (1618–48)

This series of wars in central Europe started as a religious conflict between Catholics and Protestants within the fragmenting Holy Roman Empire. It later expanded into a political conflict involving the Kingdom of France and the Hapsburg dynasty.

Prince Rupert's exile as an infant from Prague to the Netherlands came as a consequence of the Thirty Years War. His family also lost its land and castle because of the war.

Eighty Years War (1568–1648)

The Dutch war of independence was fought mainly between the provinces of the Low Countries and their Spanish overlords. After a twelve-year truce, the conflict resumed in 1619 with the start of the Thirty Years War.

The exiled Prince Rupert fought with Dutch forces under Frederick Henry, the Prince of Orange, from the age of fourteen to eighteen (1633–37). At age nineteen, Rupert left the Netherlands to join a failed campaign to regain his family's lands in Germany – part of the Thirty Years War.

English Civil War (1642-51)

The civil war was actually three distinct conflicts that pitted parliamentarians against royalists and involved the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Religious differences between the three kingdoms – all ruled by one king – as well as disagreements over the power held by Parliament and the monarchy led to the outbreak of war.

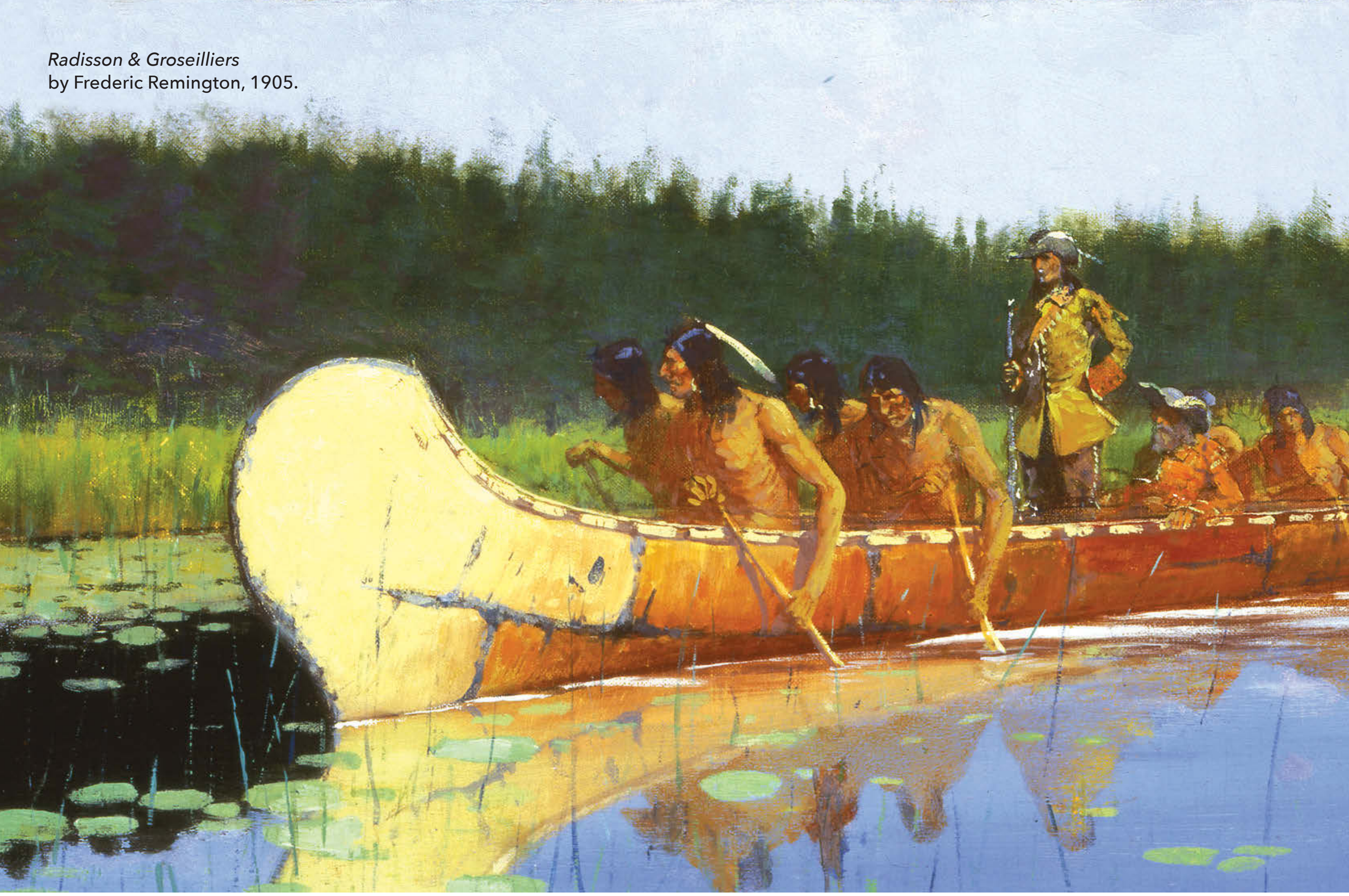
Since Rupert had plenty of military experience, and since King Charles I was his uncle, he joined the royalist cause in 1642 and became its foremost military commander.

Anglo-Dutch Wars (1652–1784)

The Dutch and English were frequently at loggerheads over trade, colonial control, and naval supremacy. Both had large mercantile fleets and powerful navies; thus their battles took place at sea.

Although Rupert and his family had been sheltered by the Dutch, and he had fought for them in his youth, his first loyalty was to the English.

In spite of failing health from old war wounds and recurring malaria, Rupert served with distinction as a senior naval commander during the second and third of the four Anglo-Dutch Wars.



Radisson & Groseilliers
by Frederic Remington, 1905.

BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTRE

market. Moreover, they saw the possibility of a direct trade route between Hudson Bay and Europe. All they needed was someone to finance an exploratory trip to Hudson Bay.

To their surprise, Radisson and Des Groseilliers found that there was little interest in their discovery among the ruling elite of New France. The governor at the time, the Marquis d'Argenson, feared that establishing trading posts on the shores of Hudson Bay would divert the fur trade away from the French settlements along the St. Lawrence River. Instead of supporting further voyages inland, d'Argenson confiscated the bales of furs Radisson and Des Groseilliers had brought with them and briefly jailed Des Groseilliers for unlicensed trading.

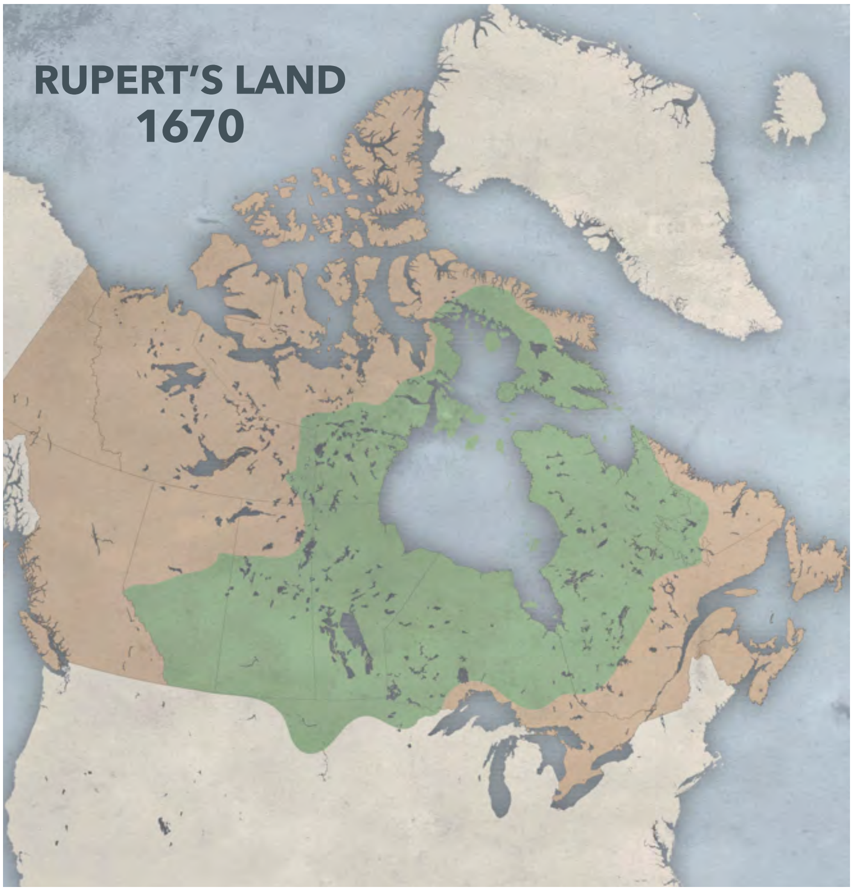
Having been censured in New France, Radisson and Des Groseilliers travelled to New England, where they were well received. Eventually they met Colonel George Cartwright, who was there to collect taxes on behalf of Charles II. Seeing a business opportunity, Cartwright persuaded the two to return with him to England and to present their scheme before the court of Charles II.

Radisson and Des Groseilliers arrived in England in the autumn of 1665 and had an audience with Charles II. The king — who was fond of wearing beaver felt hats — was impressed by the explorers' tales of vast beaver populations in the Hudson Bay region. Nevertheless, he was initially reluctant to involve England in the North American fur trade because that would put him into conflict with his first cousin — French King Louis XIV. The Sun King, as he was called, was an important ally and provided Charles with a pension that allowed him to remain financially independent of the English Parliament. As interested as Charles was in developing a lucrative new source of wealth, he feared that an English presence west of New France would jeopardize his close relationship with his powerful ruling cousin.

While thinking over what to do, Charles made sure his French guests had a pleasant stay. He provided them with a small pension and housed them with cousin Rupert at Windsor Castle. No doubt Rupert heard many tales of adventure as Radisson and Des Groseilliers stayed under his roof. He became unreservedly enthusiastic about English investment in acquiring beaver pelts from the Hudson Bay watershed. Like Radisson and Des Groseilliers, Rupert had travelled the world and saw the potential for great wealth from lands across the seas. While Charles equivocated, Rupert set to work organizing a group of private investors to finance a journey to Hudson Bay.

The prince's royal rank and his vast array of social and military connections were crucial to realizing his vision. Rupert financed the exploratory voyage from funds advanced by King Charles' personal banker, the Admiralty paymaster, and the customs commissioner, and he persuaded numerous wealthy investors to subscribe to the scheme. When two ships left London on June 3, 1668, Rupert and his fellow investors were rowed up the Thames to bid farewell to Radisson and Des Groseilliers, who sailed with English captains and crew back to the lands they had explored in previous years.

The return of the expedition in August of 1669 proved that it was possible — and potentially profitable — for English ships to sail across the Atlantic Ocean to Hudson Bay, spend the winter, trade with indigenous people, and return with a cargo of lucrative



The green area denotes the Hudson Bay watershed named after Prince Rupert circa 1670.

beaver pelts the next year. While Rupert and his fellow investors made little return on the exploratory voyage because of the initial expense of financing the expedition, the rich cargo of furs finally persuaded Charles II to risk the displeasure of the king of France. He granted the Company of Adventurers a monopoly over trade in all the lands in the Hudson Bay watershed. After decades of service to his English royal relatives, Rupert finally had his reward.

Rupert's name was all over the royal charter that incorporated the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670, recognizing his pivotal role in the enterprise. The charter stated, "Wee doe assigne nominate and constitute and make our said Cousin Prince Rupert to bee the first and present Governor of the said Company." After a vast description of the lands and privileges granted to the new company, the charter declared: "And that the said Land bee henceforth reckoned and reputed as one of our Plantacions and Colonyes in America called *Ruperts Land.*" Rupert and his nine fellow investors had received one of the largest royal bequests in history, sole trading rights in land that comprises nearly forty per cent of modern-day Canada.

Rupert served as governor of the Hudson's Bay Company for twelve years. During that time, he set the tone for the company's next few centuries of activities in what is now Canada.

Through Rupert's influence, the company received extensive autonomy over Rupert's Land, allowing it to build forts and to employ military personnel to defend the vast territory. Company officials also had sole authority to administrate law and dispense justice in the region.

Since the company's focus was business, not colonization, Rupert's negotiations with the king focused exclusively on financial matters — such as exempting trade goods bound for Rupert's Land from customary duties. The Hudson's Bay Company retained its monopoly in the Hudson Bay watershed until the purchase of Rupert's Land by the Dominion of Canada in 1870.

Rupert governed the company until his death from pleurisy on November 29, 1682, at the age of sixty-three. In his will, the prince left a sizeable inheritance to his mistress and his daughter. Ruperta would go on to marry a Member of Parliament, Lieutenant-General Emanuel Scrope Howe, in 1695 and bore three sons and two daughters. Through his five grandchildren, Rupert has descendants alive today in the United Kingdom.

Prince Rupert of the Rhine, first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, had a profound effect on Canada's history. Following his flight from Prague as an infant, he spent his life constantly on the move, undertaking military service in continental Europe and Great Britain and leading the royalist navy to the west coast of Africa and the Caribbean.

Rupert's travels enabled him to recognize the significance of Radisson's and Des Groseilliers' discoveries and to envision an enterprise with the vast scope of the Hudson's Bay Company. Moreover, the grant of Rupert's Land to the company discouraged the Americans from expanding northward after the Thirteen Colonies declared their independence in the late eighteenth century.

Prince Rupert not only left his mark on the map of Canada, he helped to forge the modern nation.

// See a video with the author at CanadasHistory.ca/Rupert

MATHEW YATHON

Members of the Political Equality League pose with their women's enfranchisement petitions presented to the Manitoba legislature, December 23, 1915. Clockwise, from bottom left: Dr. Mary Crawford, A.N. Thomas, F.J. Dixon, and Amelia Burritt, aged ninety-three.

PETITION

To The Honourable Members of His Majesty's Government of the Provin

Members of the Legislative Assembly of the sai

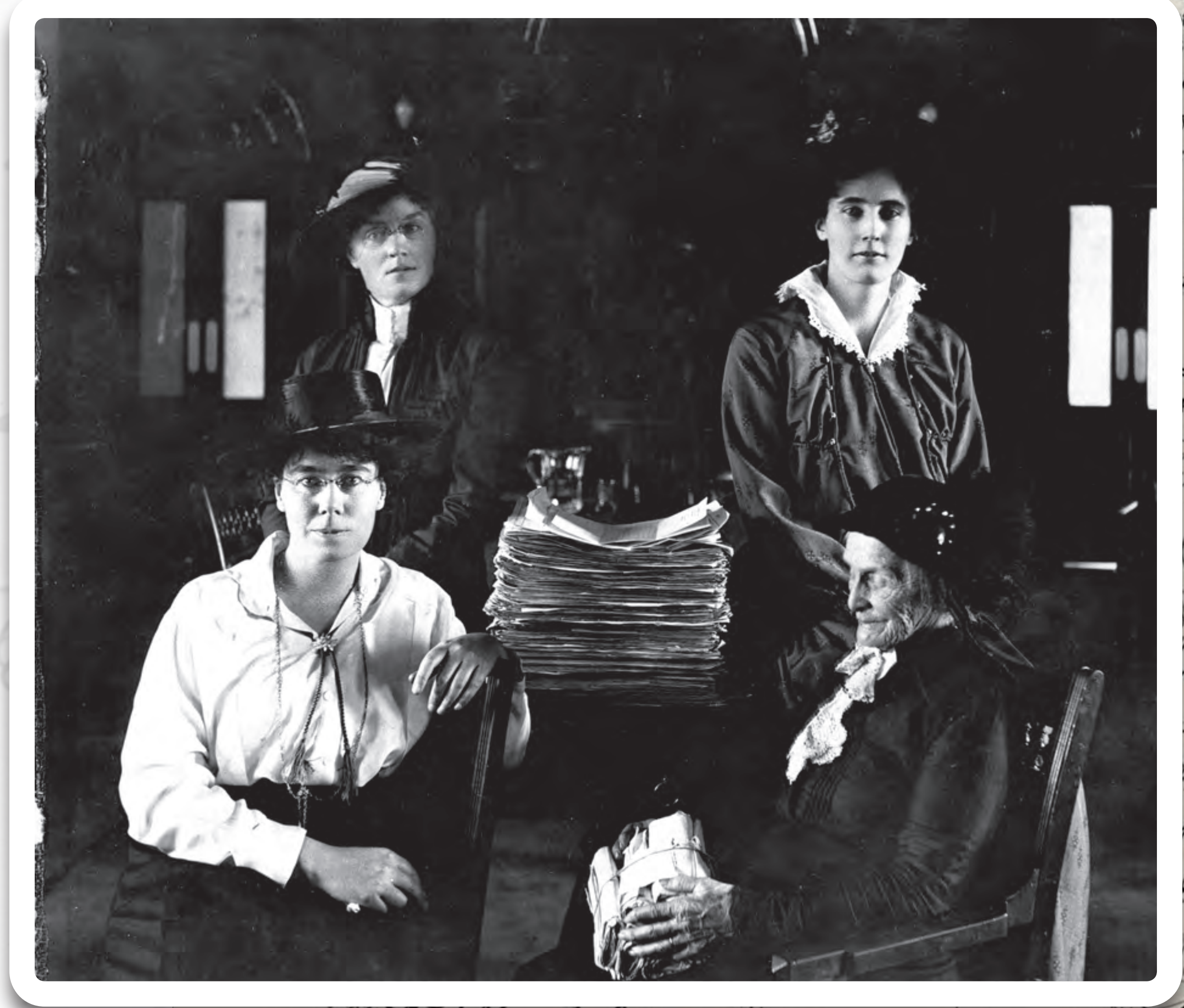
WHEREAS the following resolution forms part of the resolutions of the Government of the said Party in the Province of Manitoba, that is to say:—

"The Liberal Party believing that there are no just grounds for deba

"enact a measure providing for equal suffrage

"to a number equivalent to fifteen

AND WH



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Residence

Elliott — 35 Kennedy St

Kate Macmillan — "

Jean C. Hunbach — 264 B. Balmoral St

Claire Carey — 195 Roslyn

Edith Macolquhoun — 195 Roslyn

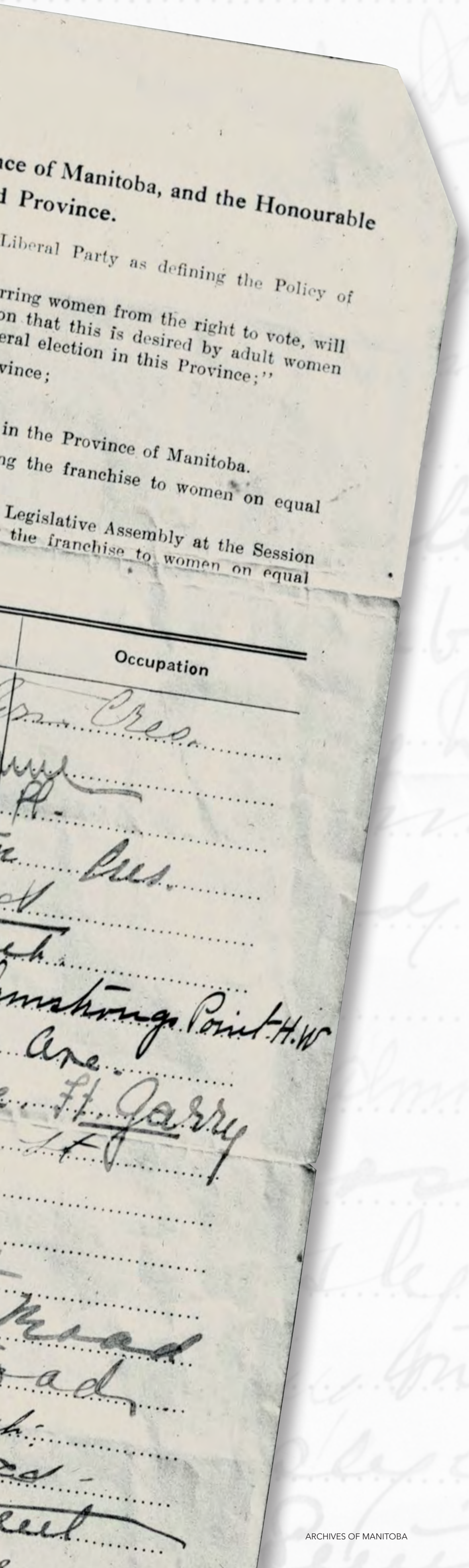
Edith Rogers — 271 Wellington Crescent

Margaret W. Veasse — 43 Roslyn

Gertrude M. Black — 66 Edmonton

Laura M. Davidson — 19 Wilmot

Alice Hurzell



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Legislative Assembly at the Session
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Occupation

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Road

ARCHIVES OF MANITOBA

Winning Back the Vote

Although Canadian women officially won the vote a century ago, in reality some had cast ballots much earlier than that.

by Cec Jennings

IN OCTOBER 1809, an "elderly lady, long a widow" did what few women had done before her and what few others in Canada would do for more than a hundred years after her — she voted. You voted orally in those days, in intimidating circumstances. You had to announce your choice openly in the polling place. Your right to vote could be challenged and frequently was. No one, though, challenged Marie-Josephte Papineau. She was eighty but "still fresh and vigorous," according to *Les Deux Papineau*, David Laurent-Olivier's 1896 biography of the family. When a polling official in Montreal East asked Madame Papineau who she was voting for, she replied in a "voice strong and filled with emotion: 'For my son, Joseph Papineau.'"

Her vote helped to elect her fifty-seven-year-old son to the Assembly of Lower Canada. Her determination to vote, and the family's prominence, encouraged other women to do the same. It was a step toward female equality that was reversed — oddly enough — by her grandson, Louis-Joseph Papineau.

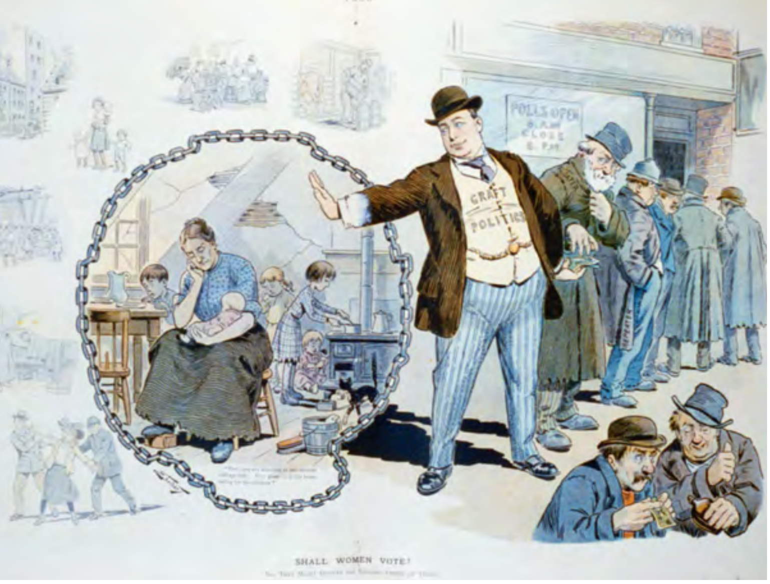
Louis-Joseph also won an Assembly seat in the 1809 election, for the Montreal-area riding of Kent. He was twenty-three, and his mother, Rosalie, hoped he would be a priest; but he opted for law, which didn't enthuse him, and politics, which led him to leadership and to rebellion against British rule.

It also led him away from his family's progressive past. In the 1830s he pushed to make it illegal for women to vote.

Before voting by women became a crime, there were a number of occasions when some women cast ballots. There were cases of women voting in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Upper Canada (Ontario), and Lower Canada (Quebec).

Possibly the first women to vote in what is now Canada were the six who did so in Windsor County, Nova Scotia, in 1793. Since the women met the qualification of owning property of a certain value, their votes were allowed to stand. In all likelihood, the legislative Assembly had no idea what else to do about something so unusual.

British colonies, except Lower Canada, were governed by English common law. The law didn't specifically bar women from voting, but it was assumed they wouldn't. After all, by the time most women were of voting age, they were married, and under the law they didn't legally exist.



A 1909 cartoon in the American magazine *Puck* satirizes opposition to women's suffrage. It suggests women voters would disturb the "existing order of things" — such as graft, corruption, and poverty.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

"By marriage, the husband and wife are one person in law," Sir William Blackstone wrote in his widely followed *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. "The very being or the legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage, or at least is incorporated into that of her husband."

Lower Canada was governed by French civil law, which made it easier for women to own and control property than did English common law. This was important, since, at the time, owning property was often a qualification for being able to vote.

Consequently, voting by women was especially prevalent in French Canada. According to one study, between 1820 and 1844 a total of 950 women there tried to vote. In many cases, they were not challenged. The peak turnout was in 1832, during a by-election in Montreal West. A total of 199 women voted in that election, and another 26 were turned away.

A June 20, 1820, editorial in New Brunwick's *Royal Gazette* complained of what was happening in the neighbouring province, calling it "an absurd and unconstitutional practice." It warned that women voting would lead to a "petticoat polity."

New Brunswick had its own situation to deal with. A total of forty-four women voted in the hotly contested 1827 election in Kings County. Being either widowed or single property owners, they were technically eligible. However, the election results were challenged, and the forty-four votes were later cancelled by the legislative Assembly. In 1839, thirty-nine women who tried to register were struck off the poll book of the Sunbury County election. To prevent similar happenings in future, New Brunswick banned voting by women in 1843. Nova Scotia followed in 1851.

Some politicians were quick to complain when the women's vote did not go their way. In the 1844 Province of Canada (present-day Ontario and Quebec) general election, seven women voted for James Webster, the Conservative candidate in Halton West, a riding near Toronto. James Durand, the Reform Party candidate, protested that he lost by four votes because the women were among "a great number of [ineligible] persons" allowed to vote by an election official who was also Webster's business partner.

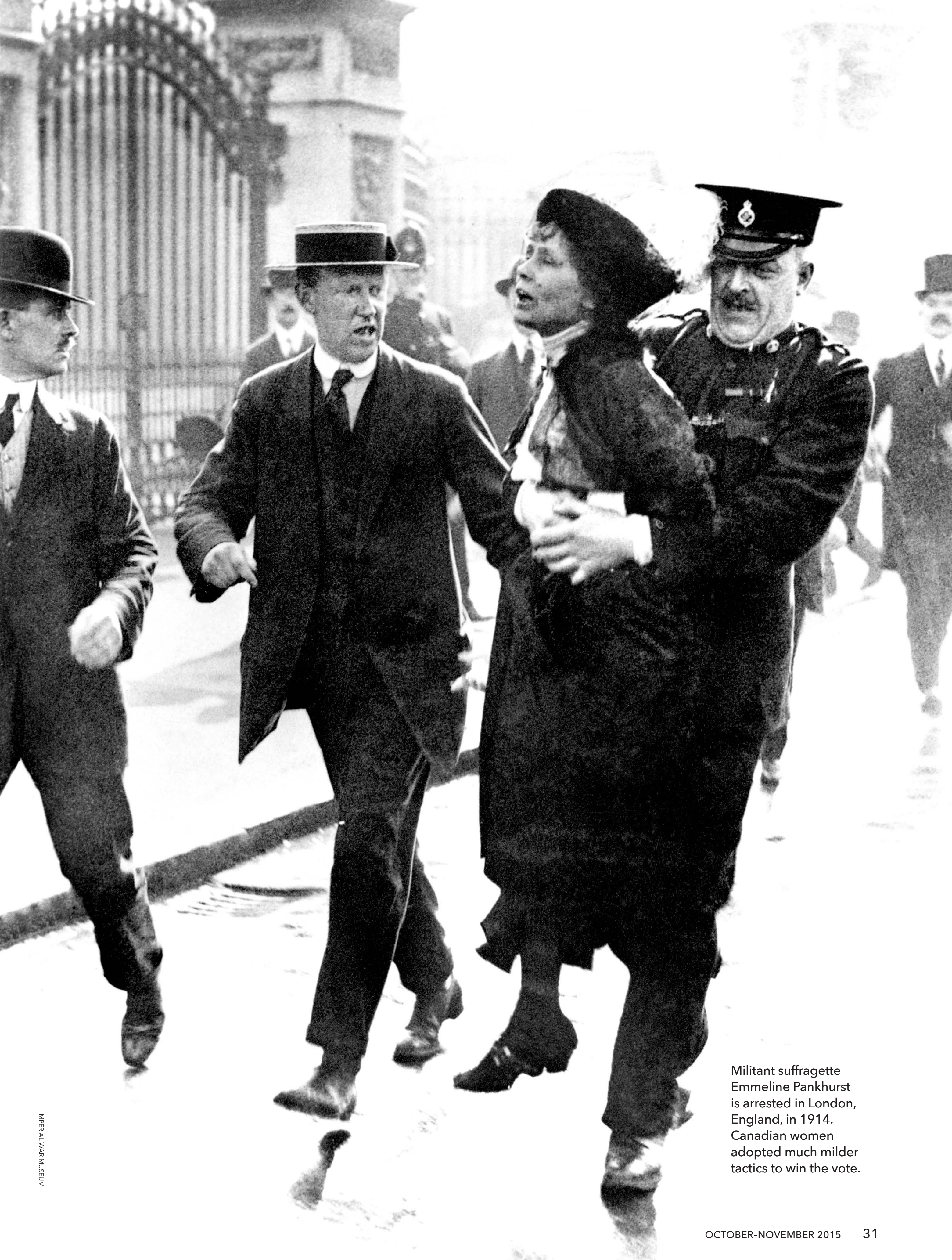
Durand's complaint to the Conservative-controlled legislature got nowhere, but that was not the end of the affair. When Reformers won the next election in 1848, they made it illegal for women in the Province of Canada to vote.

One argument for banning women from the polls was that elections were too violent for them. Elections were certainly violent — the rules almost guaranteed it. Oral voting made it easy to know if bribed or intimidated voters did as they were told. Another rule kept a poll open as long as voters continued to come forward. This meant an election could drag on for weeks. A poll only closed if an hour went by with no one stopping by to vote. That made it tempting to try to keep voters from reaching it. During the 1832 Montreal West by-election, which lasted twenty-two days, violence broke out between supporters of the opposing parties. British soldiers opened fire to disperse the crowd, resulting in the deaths of three French Canadians.

The Assembly held an inquiry into the violence and concluded that women needed to be shielded from such life-threatening situations. Louis-Joseph Papineau, by now leader of the Patriotes, said it "was odious to see wives dragged to the [polls] by their husbands, girls by their fathers, often even against their wishes." That didn't square with the fact that most women voters were widows, but Papineau continued: "The public interest, decency, the modesty of the sex demand that these scandals should not be repeated.... A simple resolution of the [Assembly] would exclude such people from the right to vote." And so it was done.

By 1851, laws against women voting were in effect in all the British colonies that united to become Canada in 1867. Women didn't regain the right to vote — or to run for office — in provincial and federal elections until well into the twentieth century.

Getting the vote back was a demeaning fight. Queen Victoria, despite her own position as ruler of much of the world, opposed including other women in the political fray. Upon learning that Lady Amberley, a free-thinking member of the aristocracy, had become president of a suffrage society in 1870, she declared: "Lady Amberley ought to get a good whipping." In a



IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

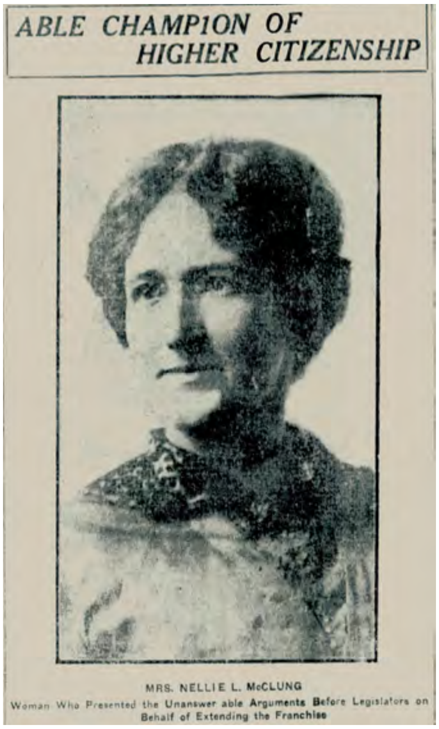
Militant suffragette Emmeline Pankhurst is arrested in London, England, in 1914. Canadian women adopted much milder tactics to win the vote.

letter to her friend Theodore Martin, the queen said, “I am most anxious to enlist everyone who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of ‘Women’s Rights,’ with all its attendant horrors…. Were women to ‘unsex’ themselves by claiming equality with men they would become the most hateful, heathen and disgusting of beings and would surely perish without male protection.”

Women who wanted the right to vote were left to seethe and bear it, since the movement was seen as too radical to go public. That started to change in Canada in 1883, when the Toronto Women’s Literary and Social Progress Club dropped its cover and changed its name to the Canadian Women’s Suffrage Association. It wanted “to discuss the advisability of granting the franchise to those women who possess the property qualifications which entitle men to hold it.”

The *Toronto Globe* called it a “bold announcement ... sufficient to set politicians thinking as to how the movement is going to affect them, and cause a thrill of hope or despair, according to the conclusions reached.” The newspaper asked members of the association, “what are the grounds for your request for the suffrage?” It got an earful.

“We ask for it as a simple right, and on the grounds that there should be no taxation without representation,” said Jessie McEwen, first president of the suffrage organization. “Another officer of the club [said] we want the franchise because in every step we make in the moral or social direction we are met by laws that discriminate against women. We don’t have equal pay for equal work.... Two ladies identified with the movement said we ought to be able to enter colleges and the higher educational institutions now exclusively used by men.”



ABLE CHAMPION OF
HIGHER CITIZENSHIP

MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG
Woman Who Presented the Unanswer able Arguments Before Legislators on Behalf of Extending the Franchise

Suffragist Nellie McClung in the *Winnipeg Evening Tribune* after women in Manitoba became the first to win the provincial vote.

The *Globe* devoted about a column to the women’s comments, which “will enable readers to form a fair estimate of the nature of the demands of the Women’s Suffrage Club.” That suggests the *Globe* suspected readers hadn’t previously given those demands much thought, which was likely the case.

The suffragists’ arguments seem to have had some effect, for a year later, in 1884, Ontario granted “widows and spinsters” with property the right to vote in municipal elections. British Columbia had done the same eleven years earlier. By the turn of the twentieth century, most women with property could vote in municipal elections in Canada.

Winning the right to vote at the provincial and federal levels proved more difficult. Starting in 1885, provincial legislatures in Ontario, British Columbia, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia all debated bills on women’s enfranchisement. Their defeat was often accompanied by laughter and derision. Men who supported women’s suffrage were not spared.

When Warren Franklin Hatheway in 1909 introduced a bill in the New Brunswick legislature to enfranchise women, the proposal was rejected twenty-four to fourteen, with insult added to defeat when seven women — including Hatheway’s wife, Ella — were mocked while pleading their case. The members yelled “Help!” and “Police!” and, according to one account, were particulary crude to Ella, “openly laughing over a sexist and sexually deriding ‘verse’ inspired by the suffragists’ presence.”

These politicians were boors, but whose who patronized women were perhaps harder to take. One of them, Nova Scotia Attorney General James Longley, was said by a compatriot to be “conceited, unlovable and unbearable.” That rang true in his dealings with suffragists. In 1895 he said women’s role was not to vote but “to be kindly and loving, to be sweet and to be cherished, to be weak and confiding, to be protected and to be the object of man’s devotion.”

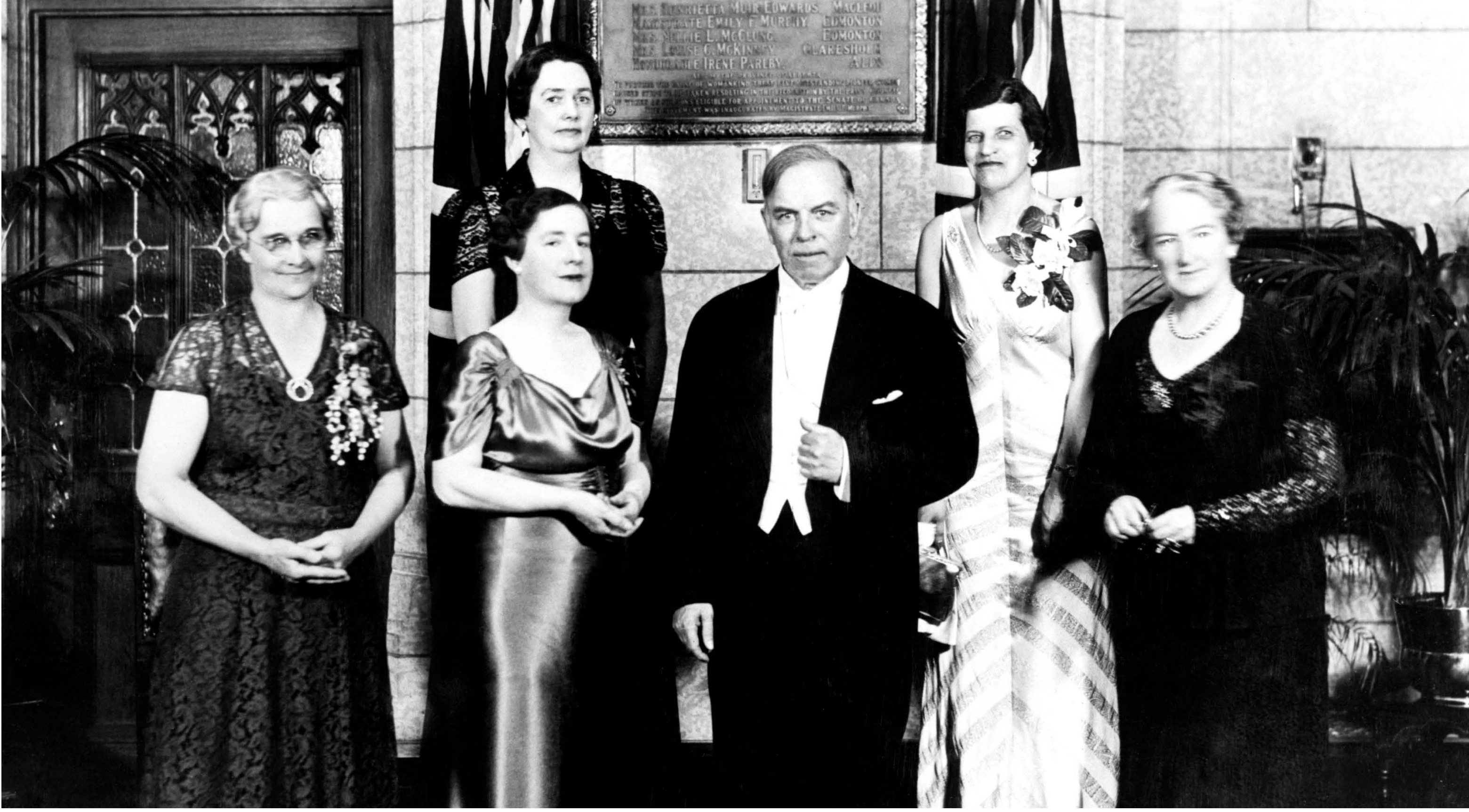
In Great Britain, the suffragettes — as the members of Britain’s Women’s Social and Political Union (WSPU) were called — were ridiculed, taunted, and patronized by politicians determined to keep women powerless. Formed in 1903, WSPU and its members grew increasingly militant, resorting to setting fires, breaking windows, chaining themselves to iron fences, and other attention-getting tactics. Their actions eventually escalated to bombing public buildings, burning down stately homes, and sending letter bombs in the mail. When arrested and imprisoned, some went on hunger strikes, to which authorities responded by subjecting the women to painful force-feeding. In Canada, the movement was much milder in its approach. Activists stuck to petitions, lectures, public meetings, and mock parliaments to get their point across.

The Women’s Parliament — a satirical play featuring prominent suffragist Nellie McClung — drew a sold-out crowd at the 1,798-seat Walker Theatre in Winnipeg on January 28, 1914. McClung played the role of a premier greeting a delegation of men petitioning for the right to vote. “Man is made for something higher and better than voting,” she tells them, mimicking what Manitoba Premier Sir Rodmond Roblin had said of women the day before. “Premier McClung” congratulated the men “on their splendid gentlemanly appearance” and dismissed them.

The public’s reaction to the event suggested society was opening up to women’s enfranchisement. “To say that everyone [in the audience] was delighted is to put it mildly,” the *Winnipeg Free Press* reported next day. The *Winnipeg Telegram* suggested “the cause of women may not be so hopeless after all and the vote may not be so far away as one might be inclined to fear.”

The vote for women was just two years away, it turned out.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA DIGITAL ARCHIVES



On June 11, 1938, Nellie McClung, far right, joined Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King and others to unveil a plaque commemorating the Persons Case, a legal victory allowing women to be appointed to the Senate.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Public attitudes had been changing for some time. The settling of the West in the late 1800s and early 1900s added to the pressure for equal rights. Women worked as hard as men making a new home, so how could they be denied voting rights? Consequently, farming organizations such as the Grain Growers Association threw their support behind women's suffrage.

Proponents of extending the vote to women also gained allies when other groups pushing for social change realized their causes would be helped if women voted. The Women's Christian Temperance Union was particularly keen on this as a way to achieve prohibition. Women were "the greatest sufferers in all countries on account of drink," a WCTU meeting was told in 1883. "When they get the franchise, good-bye to whiskey."

The First World War from 1914 to 1918 was another factor. Women took over the jobs left by men who joined the services. How could women praised for making munitions not be allowed to vote?

In Manitoba, the provincial Liberal party seized the moment, saying if it won the next election it would enfranchise women as long as a petition favouring it was signed by "a number equivalent to fifteen per cent of the vote cast at the preceding general election."

The Liberals won in 1915. The suffragists went to work getting the necessary signatures. They needed 17,000; they got 43,834. Among those who petitioned door-to-door in Winnipeg was ninety-three-year-old Amelia Burritt, who single-handedly obtained 4,250 signatures. She said suffrage "won't do me much good, but I want my daughter and her children to have the benefit of the vote."

The petitions were presented to Premier Tobias Norris in December 1915. On January 27, 1916, the *Winnipeg Evening Tribune* reported the groundbreaking news that, "for the first time in Canada, a woman's suffrage act received the official sanction of a provincial parliament this afternoon."

Only one member of the legislature spoke against the bill. The *Free Press* said James Hamelin "did not question the ability of women to vote or legislate, but he thought in [an election] campaign men would have to stay home and mind the children while the women went to vote and attend meetings." But he abstained from voting, and the bill passed unanimously.

When it did, the *Tribune* said, "the entire audience rose en masse" and cheered. Women sang "O Canada" and "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," and then Hamelin "seized a glass of water, and holding it at arm's length, cried: 'Success to our new citizens, the ladies.' The cheering broke out anew and in the midst of it the members sang 'For They Are Jolly Good Fellows' in return."

That triumph opened the dam. Saskatchewan and Alberta followed shortly after. The federal government opened voting to all female British subjects over twenty-one in 1918. By May 3, 1922, women could vote in most jurisdictions. The exceptions were Newfoundland (1925), Quebec (1940), and Northwest Territories (1951).

In 1917, Louise McKinney became the first woman in Canada to hold provincial office when she was elected to the Alberta legislature. In 1921, Agnes Macphail became the first female Member of Parliament. The last hurdle was cleared in 1929, when McClung, McKinney, Emily Murphy, Henrietta Muir Edwards, and Irene Parlby — known collectively as the Famous Five — won the constitutional right for women to become senators.

As for Manitoba's Amelia Burritt, suffrage did end up doing her some good. Her first chance to vote came during the provincial election of June 29, 1920. During another election on July 18, 1922, the newspaper reported that she "walked from her home to the polling station." She was just two weeks shy of her one hundredth birthday. Burritt lived to be 106.

// See a video at CanadasHistory.ca/WomensVote

HAUNTED HISTORY

Historic locations are often crawling with ghost stories. Who are the spirits supposedly haunting these places?

Written by James Careless
Illustrations by GMB Chomichuk

FROM HELPFUL BELLHOPS, TO burning brides, to things that go bump in the night, places of historic interest are often linked to spine-tingling tales of the supernatural. Old hotels, heritage homes, long-running businesses, and other storied sites are as likely as not to be "haunted" — or so it is claimed.

Today almost every Canadian city has at least one ghost-tour operator who does a thriving business scaring people out of their wits. Curiosity about odd and unexplainable happenings is not a new phenomenon. In the 1920s, interest in spiritualism — communicating with the dead — reached a peak, with seances held in the drawing rooms of respectable citizens on both sides of the Atlantic.

In Winnipeg, for example, Dr. Thomas Hamilton and his wife, Lillian, conducted seances attended by such luminaries as Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. But skeptics such as magician Harry Houdini dismissed the spiritualism craze, saying the mediums were taking advantage of people's grief over the loss of life in the trenches of the First World War.

Today, ghost tours are marketed more as a fun diversion than as a serious pastime. However, the "ghosts" are often based on actual history. Whether you believe in the paranormal or not, here are some of Canada's spookiest historic spots.

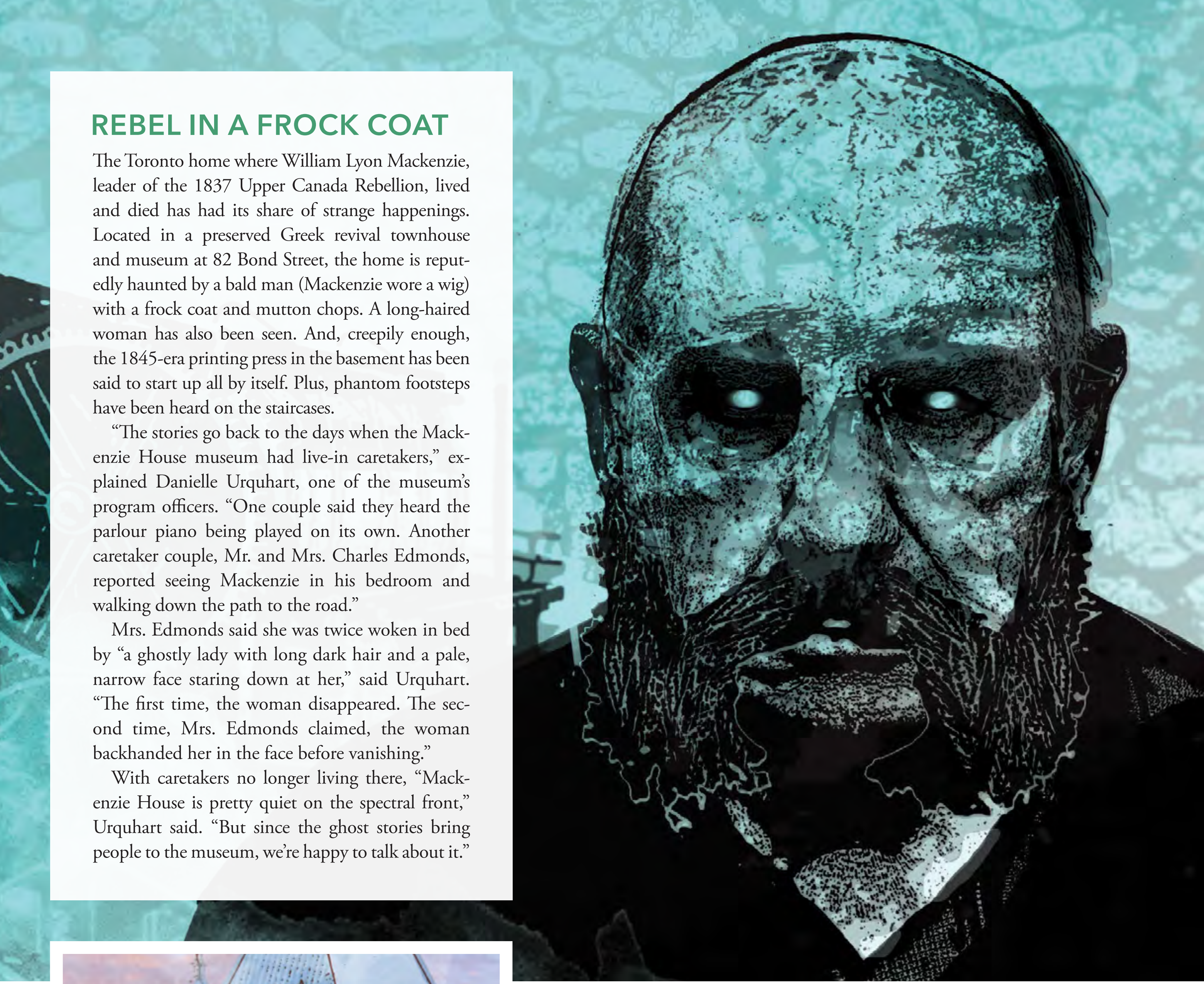
REBEL IN A FROCK COAT

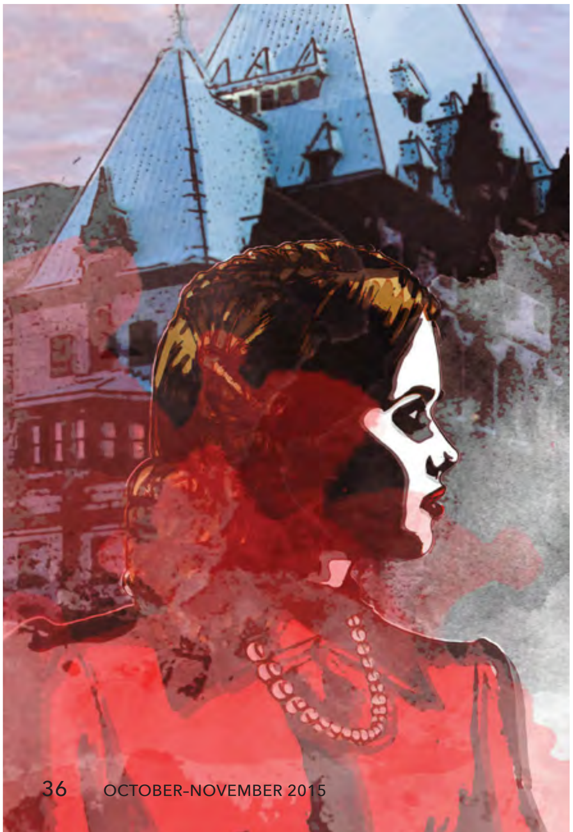
The Toronto home where William Lyon Mackenzie, leader of the 1837 Upper Canada Rebellion, lived and died has had its share of strange happenings. Located in a preserved Greek revival townhouse and museum at 82 Bond Street, the home is reputedly haunted by a bald man (Mackenzie wore a wig) with a frock coat and mutton chops. A long-haired woman has also been seen. And, creepily enough, the 1845-era printing press in the basement has been said to start up all by itself. Plus, phantom footsteps have been heard on the staircases.

"The stories go back to the days when the Mackenzie House museum had live-in caretakers," explained Danielle Urquhart, one of the museum's program officers. "One couple said they heard the parlour piano being played on its own. Another caretaker couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edmonds, reported seeing Mackenzie in his bedroom and walking down the path to the road."

Mrs. Edmonds said she was twice woken in bed by "a ghostly lady with long dark hair and a pale, narrow face staring down at her," said Urquhart. "The first time, the woman disappeared. The second time, Mrs. Edmonds claimed, the woman backhanded her in the face before vanishing."

With caretakers no longer living there, "Mackenzie House is pretty quiet on the spectral front," Urquhart said. "But since the ghost stories bring people to the museum, we're happy to talk about it."





LADY IN RED SPOOKS GUESTS

The Fairmont Hotel Vancouver takes pride in the fact that it is inhabited by the Lady in Red. The hotel's press material says the ghost is twenty-five-year-old Jennie "Pearl" Cox. She was a hotel patron who danced in the ballroom in a beautiful red gown. After dying in a 1944 car accident, Pearl reputedly chose to haunt the place she so loved.

According to the hotel, one of the many people who have seen Pearl was a cameraman working on *The X-Files* television series who says Pearl "hovered outside of the window to see what he was doing." Startled by an actual paranormal phenomenon, the cameraman dropped his gear and ran out of the hotel, never to return.

The cameraman was not the only one to freak out. A TripAdvisor online reviewer in 2014 reported sharing an elevator with a "a lady wearing a bright long red dress." When the guest turned to say goodbye as she exited the elevator, the ghost disappeared. "I will never come back here again!" the guest stated.

FANCY FOOTWORK FRIGHTENS VISITORS

Ottawa's Bytown Museum is housed in an 1827 three-storey stone building that originally held supplies for the construction of the Rideau Canal. According to Glen Shackleton, president of Haunted Walks, the museum contains the ghost of Duncan McNab, one of the supply managers for the canal project. One of McNab's tasks was to guard the gold, silver, and cash stored there to pay the project's contractors and workers. Possibly he is still on the job.

"The most common haunting that people report is hearing footsteps on the wooden floors and stairs when no one is there," said Shackleton, who has also been a museum volunteer. "This actually happened to me. I thought one of the museum's staff, who I had been talking to, was following me, because I could hear his footsteps. But when I turned around on the stairs no one was there — but the footsteps were still there."

On another occasion, "I was punching a code into the door alarm before we left," Shackleton said. "Suddenly, the closed gift shop door next to me started shaking, first gently, then violently with a thump, thump, thump.

"Meanwhile, the other staff heard footsteps pounding over their heads on the floor above — even though we were the only ones there. Needless to say, we got out of there as quickly as we could!"

POLLY WANT A STIFF DRINK?

The restored gold-rush-era Caribou Hotel in Carcross, Yukon, is said to be home to a number of ghosts. Among the most frequently sighted is that of former owner Bessie Gideon and her parrot, Polly. Gideon came into possession of the parrot after she and her husband, Edwin, who was co-owner of the hotel, were asked in 1918 to look after it by a guest who died shortly afterwards.

According to current proprietor Anne Morgan, the adopted bird was a little rough around the edges. "He swore, sang opera, and loved whisky and crackers," said Morgan. "Mrs. Gideon took great care of him during her lifetime. This is why we are not surprised that the two have been seen together as ghosts, looking out of the hotel windows."

Gideon is also known for knocking on doors, turning on lights, and putting bubble bath in a hotel bathtub. Other ghoulish guests are said to include a trapper with a limp who died of old age on the third floor and who continues to make banging sounds. There's also a Second World War army cook who dates back to when the hotel housed workers during the building of the Alaska Highway. The phantom cook is believed responsible for turning on the Caribou Hotel's propane cook stove in the morning. "It was always shut off at night by hotel staff," Morgan said.

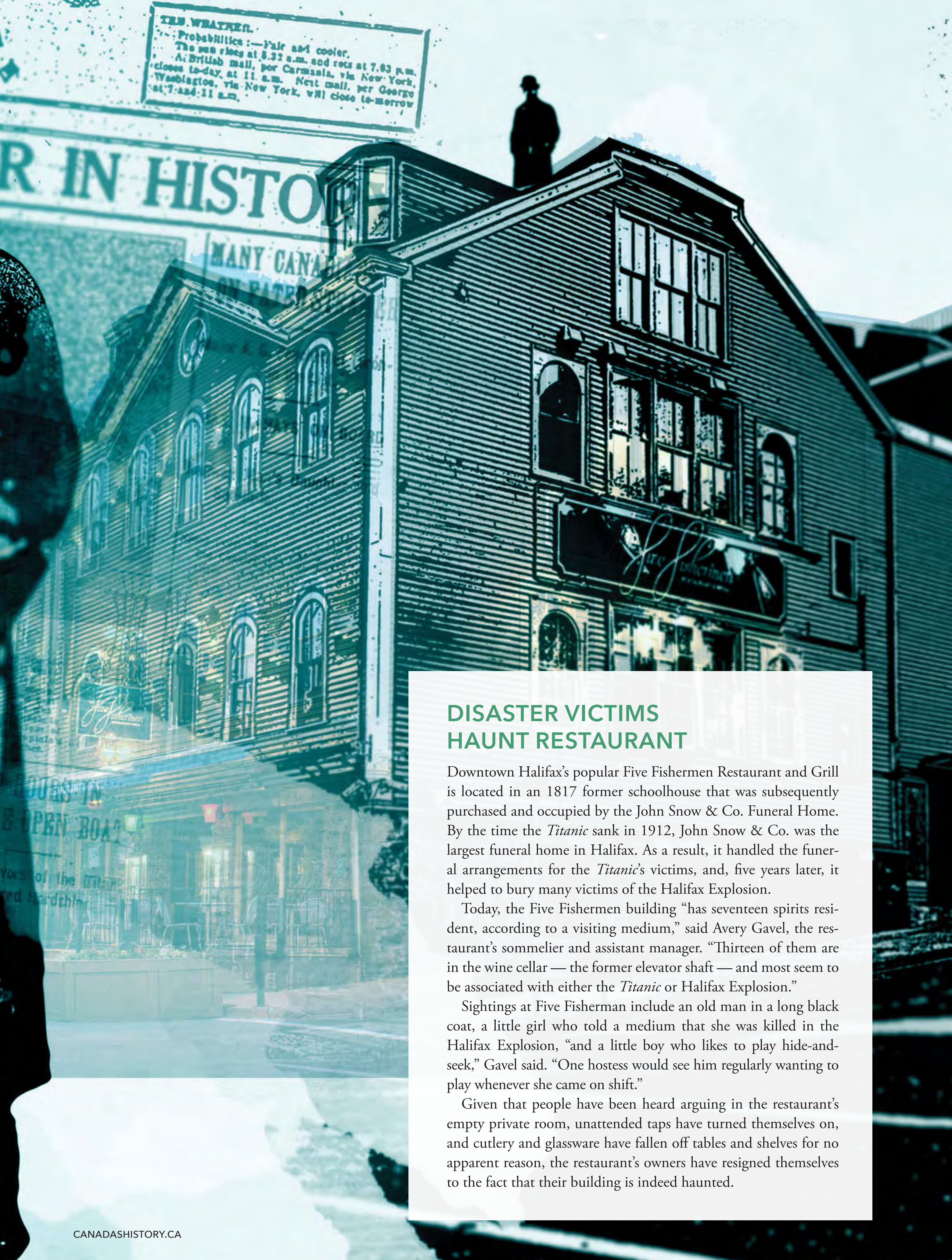
THE GHOSTS OF SIGNAL HILL

Before Newfoundland and Labrador's Signal Hill in St. John's became famous for receiving the first-ever transatlantic radio signals, it was the location for a British garrison. The "psychic footprints" left by earlier occupants of this bleak outpost linger today, according to Dale Gilbert Jarvis, owner-operator of St. John's Haunted Hike ghost tours.

"I've been telling stories on Signal Hill National Historic Site, which has an amazing history and some great ghost stories, ranging from headless pirates and buried treasure to ghost ships and phantom nurses," said Jarvis. One that stands out is the tale of a soldier's wife and her baby, who were trying to stay warm one windy winter's night in a barracks room. "The room would get so smoky [from the fireplace] the mother would have to open a window from time to time to let fresh air in," he said. "But then the room would get so cold she'd have to get up to shut the window."

After a while, the exhausted mother fell asleep. When she woke up, her baby had died of smoke inhalation. "Some say that the mother's ghost still haunts that place," said Jarvis. "On cold winter nights, you can hear her wailing over her lost baby."

The Globe
VOL. LXIX. NUMBER 19,417.
TORONTO, TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1912
THE GREATEST MARINE DISASTER
WORLD'S LARGEST
VESSEL FOUNDERS ON
HER MAIDEN VOYAGE
OF LIFE IS ESTIMATED AT
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED
Ocean Tragedy
TITANIC TRAGEDY
Manitoba Free Press.
WINNIPEG, TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1912
TITANIC SINKS AT SEA--LOSS
OF LIFE MAY REACH 1,800
Most Appalling Marine Disaster in the World's History—Earlier Reports of Rescue of Passengers Only Partly True—Titanic Sank at 2.20 Monday Morning, Hours Before Rescuing Ships Appeared—Survivors to the Number of 675 Picked up From Life Boats by The Carpathia—Hopes That Other Passengers are Aboard the Virginian and Parisian, But There is no Certainty of This—Wireless Message Gives Little Hope That Many Have Been Saved—All Boats Accounted For Show Only 675, Mostly Women and Children—Winnipeg Survivors Given—Mrs. Alice Fortune and Mrs. Wm. Graham—Passengers Include John Jacob Astor, C. M. Hays, B. Guggenheim, Isidor Straus, F. D. Millet and Many Other Notables


THE WEATHER.
Probabilities:—Fair and cooler.
The sun rises at 5.32 a.m. and sets at 7.03 p.m.
A British mail, per Carmania, via New York, closes to-day, at 11 a.m. Next mail, per George Washington, via New York, will close to-morrow at 7 and 11 a.m.
R IN HISTO
MANY CANA
HOURS IN
E OPEN BOA
Five Fishermen

DISASTER VICTIMS HAUNT RESTAURANT

Downtown Halifax's popular Five Fishermen Restaurant and Grill is located in an 1817 former schoolhouse that was subsequently purchased and occupied by the John Snow & Co. Funeral Home. By the time the *Titanic* sank in 1912, John Snow & Co. was the largest funeral home in Halifax. As a result, it handled the funeral arrangements for the *Titanic*'s victims, and, five years later, it helped to bury many victims of the Halifax Explosion.

Today, the Five Fishermen building "has seventeen spirits resident, according to a visiting medium," said Avery Gavel, the restaurant's sommelier and assistant manager. "Thirteen of them are in the wine cellar — the former elevator shaft — and most seem to be associated with either the *Titanic* or Halifax Explosion."

Sightings at Five Fisherman include an old man in a long black coat, a little girl who told a medium that she was killed in the Halifax Explosion, "and a little boy who likes to play hide-and-seek," Gavel said. "One hostess would see him regularly wanting to play whenever she came on shift."

Given that people have been heard arguing in the restaurant's empty private room, unattended taps have turned themselves on, and cutlery and glassware have fallen off tables and shelves for no apparent reason, the restaurant's owners have resigned themselves to the fact that their building is indeed haunted.

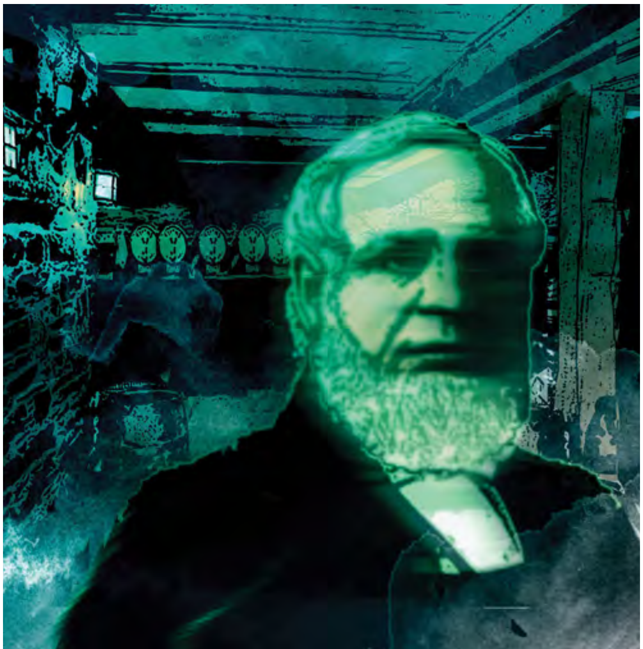
SPIRITS ON THE MOVE

Some of the historic buildings relocated to Calgary's Heritage Park Historical Village apparently brought their ghosts with them. Prince House is a Victorian brick mansion built in 1894 by Calgary magnate Peter Anthony Prince, who was widowed three times. "Many people pick up the presence of a woman when they enter the Prince House," said Barb Munro, the village's communications specialist. "We've also had reports of a young woman with a baby being seen in the house and lights being seen through the third-floor windows — even though this floor was never wired for electricity."

The 1906 Airdrie House is another Heritage Park building that is reputed to be haunted. "No one wants to work in that house — it's cold and unfriendly — but visitors can walk into the entryway and look into the rooms," Munro said. "We've had artifacts apparently be moved many times inside when the house was locked up. Our carpenter heard the back door slam when he was inside — and that door was nailed shut years ago. I myself have heard footsteps upstairs when there was no one there."

Meanwhile, a female apparition dressed in black clothing has been seen frantically searching for a child on the park grounds. It's said she occasionally speaks to living visitors.

With all of its ghostly goings-on, Heritage Park certainly seems to be a spectral magnet.



BREWING BEYOND THE GRAVE

In 1817, Alexander Keith started brewing beer in downtown Halifax. Three years later, Keith built an ironstone and granite brewery — connected by tunnel to his nearby house — that continues to make Alexander Keith's beer today. Legend has it that after Keith died in 1873 his spirit stayed on to keep a close eye on the brewery's operations.

The brewery has also been said to be haunted by a phantom's footsteps, a ghost boy with a misshapen face, and a man covered in blood. And, more recently, an actor hired by the brewery to portray a historical character for visitors reported a strange new sighting.

Bill Scollard, operations manager for Keith's Brewery, said the actor was alone practising one of the cast's songs when he noticed someone whistling along with him. The actor looked up and saw an apparition of a woman in a green dress, with her hair up and long curls hanging on either side of her face. "She wasn't malevolent," said Scollard. No one has any idea of who the new ghost might be.

A SPECTRE AT YOUR SERVICE

The Fairmont Banff Springs is a grand railroad hotel in the heart of Alberta's Rocky Mountains. For more than 125 years, the Banff Springs has provided unsurpassed service to its guests, aided in part by a ghost bellhop. He's thought to be the long-departed Sam McAuley, a lifelong employee who loved the hotel and his job.

"Sam reputedly promised to stay at the hotel even after death," said Ante Miletic, the Fairmont Banff Springs' public relations manager. "Since his passing in 1976, numerous guests have reported an elderly bellhop in an old-style uniform helping them unlock their rooms when their arms are full — only to disappear without waiting for a tip! I myself have experienced having the elevator door open helpfully for me when my hands were full, without seeing anyone there pushing a button."

The hotel is also said to be haunted by a "burning bride." "She was a 1930s-era bride whose wedding dress train brushed against a candle and caught fire, causing her to fall down the stairs and break her neck," Miletic said. "Over the years, some guests say they have seen her on fire on the staircase."

GHOST SOLDERS AT THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

Given its violent history, it's not surprising that the Plains of Abraham is considered the most haunted battlefield in Canada. On September 13, 1759, this field in what is now Battlefields Park in Quebec City was the location of a short, bloody conflict that transformed North America. The fifteen-minute battle between French and English forces and their First Nations allies left some 1,300 soldiers dead or wounded — and led to France losing almost all of its possessions in North America.

Visitors have reported seeing apparitions of soldiers — sometimes singly, sometimes in groups — advancing on the field with muskets ready to fire. People have also detected the smell of sulphur from gunpowder and heard the sounds of firing cannons. These events are often reported as taking place in daylight, in September, around the anniversary of the battle.

The National Battlefields Commission capitalizes on the site's spooky reputation by encouraging visitors to come out for a series of events that take place throughout October. These include nighttime guided walks by lantern light, tours of the "haunted" Martello tower, and spine-tingling stories told by actors playing British commader James Murray and Marie-Josephte Corriveau, who was hanged on the Plains of Abraham for murdering her second husband.

// Are ghosts real? Go to CanadasHistory.ca/HauntedHistory

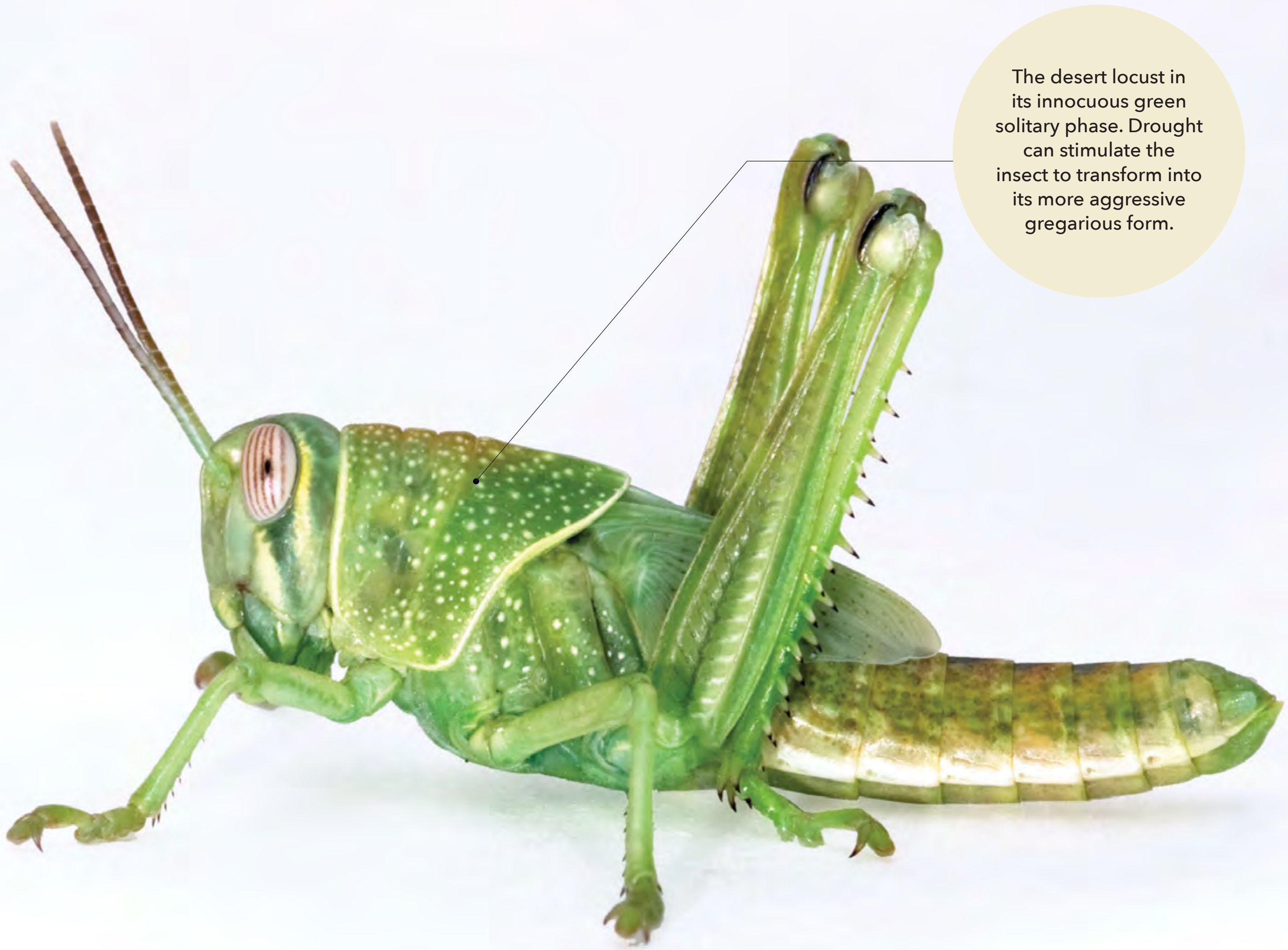
The modern-day desert locust in its gregarious phase. Desert locusts are found in Asia, Africa, and the Middle East. The North American Rocky Mountain locust is now extinct.

TOM FAYLE

THE FLIGHT OF THE LOCUST

For centuries they descended on the prairies like a Biblical plague, then suddenly they disappeared in a cloud of mystery. Will the dreaded creatures return?

by Bill Moreau


The desert locust in its innocuous green solitary phase. Drought can stimulate the insect to transform into its more aggressive gregarious form.

On July 19, 1902, twenty-seven-year-old Norman Criddle ventured into the garden of his father Percy's log homestead, the grandly named St. Albans, which sat just north of the Assiniboine River near Treesbank, Manitoba. A student of entomology who experimented with pest control, Criddle was on a quest to gather specimens of a familiar yet dreaded organism: *Melanoplus spretus*, the Rocky Mountain locust. He found two, a male and a female, and added them to his growing collection. Little did he realize his specimens would be among the last survivors of their species.

It is difficult today to imagine the terror this insect once evoked in the West. Throughout the mid-to-late nineteenth century, like a recurrent Biblical plague, invading armies of locusts would descend from the sky to devastate pioneer farms, devouring crops and leaving destitution in their wake.

Laura Ingalls Wilder, who as a child in the 1870s had witnessed locust swarms in Minnesota, captured the impact of the pest in her novel *On the Banks of Plum Creek*.

"A cloud was over the sun," the narrator explains. "It was a cloud of something like snowflakes, but they were larger than snowflakes, and thin and glittering. Light shone through each flickering particle." A single locust strikes Laura, and then the deluge arrives: "The cloud was hailing grasshoppers. The cloud *was* grasshoppers." Laura tried to beat the hordes off, but their "claws clung to her skin and her dress" as they regarded her "with bulging eyes." Desperately, Laura bolts to her family's house, and as she runs the locusts are crushed, "squirming and slimy under her feet."

The voracious creatures reportedly ate everything in sight, including the bark off trees, the wool off sheep, and the clothes off people's bodies. In *Pioneer Women: Voices From the Kansas Frontier*, Adelheit Viets recalled the day locusts came to her farm. "I remember that I was wearing a dress of white with a green stripe. The grasshoppers settled on me and ate up every bit of green stripe in that dress before anything could be done about it."

Desperate measures were undertaken to fight the invaders. For instance, farmers scooped them up by the bushel and tossed them into burning trenches. Another method was the use of a device known as a "hopper dozer," which was drawn across a field on runners; insects would jump against a shield and fall into a pan filled with kerosene or oil. In 1901 Norman Criddle and his half-brother, Harry Vane, came up with one of the more effective methods of killing locusts — a bait made of copper acetoarsenite, salt, and horse manure that became known as the Criddle mixture. But all of these methods had limited results because of the sheer magnitude of the insect invasions.

The locusts became masters of the Rocky Mountain House kitchen garden, despite the attempts of the men to protect the vegetables with blankets and animal hides.

The locust is related to — and often confused with — the grasshopper. What is special about locust species is that they have two distinct phases — solitary and gregarious. During the solitary phase, their appearance and behaviour are similar to garden-variety grasshoppers and, since they keep to themselves, they are relatively innocuous. But during the gregarious phase, the insects breed more easily and begin to congregate. Maturing locusts undergo striking physical changes, which include darker colouration, longer wings, and a larger body with altered proportions. Finally they band together in great nomadic swarms.

Especially during times of drought, gregarious Rocky Mountain locusts would break out from a permanent breeding zone along the east side of the Rockies to range over the grasslands, infesting an area that could stretch from what is now the southern Prairie provinces south to Texas, and east almost to the Mississippi River. During this time the sheer mass of insects would reach astounding proportions. University of Wyoming entomologist Jeffrey Lockwood estimates that a swarm of insects during the massive outbreak of 1874 may have reached a staggering peak of fifteen trillion and covered an area of 1.3 million square kilometres — the total area of Alberta and Saskatchewan combined.

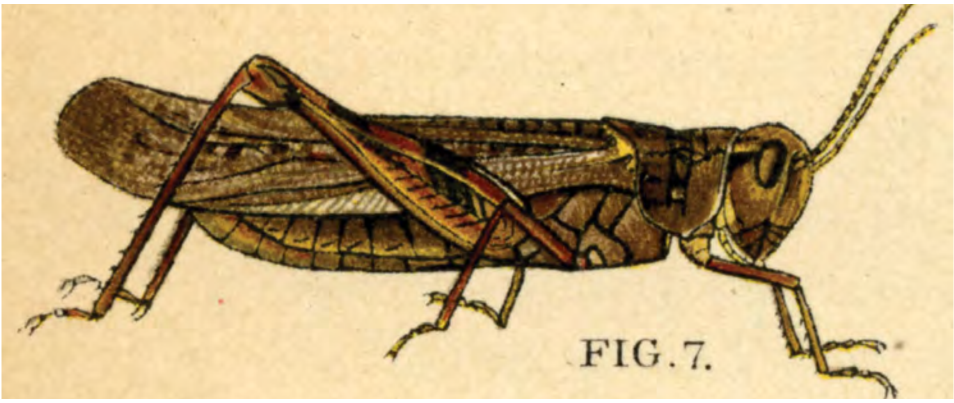
The sheer fecundity of the Rocky Mountain locust puts us in mind of two other species whose huge biomass dominated and defined nineteenth-century North America: the bison, which probably reached a peak population of thirty to sixty million individuals, and the passenger pigeon, which may have numbered in the billions. But the locust shared another characteristic with these two species. By 1889, less than a thousand bison remained, while the last passenger pigeon, the unfortunate Martha, died in the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914. And, when Norman Criddle collected those two locust specimens on that July afternoon in 1902, he had, improbably, made the last confirmed sighting of a living *Melanoplus spretus*.

There's no mystery about what happened to the bison and the passenger pigeon; both were slaughtered for food and for sport. But the reason for the demise of the Rocky Mountain locust remains unclear. Lockwood, who is the author of *Locust: The Devastating Rise and Mysterious Disappearance of the Insect that Shaped the American Frontier*, calls the extinction of the Rocky Mountain locust North America's "quintessential ecological mystery." For over a century entomologists have speculated about what could account for such a strange and sudden collapse in locust populations. Theories have conventionally linked the insect's demise to changes in grassland ecology, caused by such factors as climate change, the fall of bison populations, the effects of fewer prairie fires, and the increased cultivation of alfalfa, on which locusts didn't fare well.

Some entomologists have even proposed that the locust only began to swarm in such large numbers when agricultural settlement came to the West, and that the outbreaks of the late nineteenth century were signs of an ecosystem that was out of balance. But Aboriginal knowledge of the locust, and testimony from the fur trade era — rarely cited in studies of the insect — reveal that the pest was already a huge biological force before the arrival of settlers. Hudson's Bay Company trader Peter Fidler, travelling in August 1800 near the old HBC post of South Branch House, on the South Saskatchewan River, noticed "millions of grasshoppers all the way from the … house to where we put up being in many places 3 or 4 deep all alive. I walked along shore & in places they were so very numerous that they darkened the air." As William Clark travelled down the Yellowstone River in July 1806 on his way back from the Pacific, he noted "that the emence Sworms of *Grass hoppers* have distroyed every Sprig of Grass for maney miles."

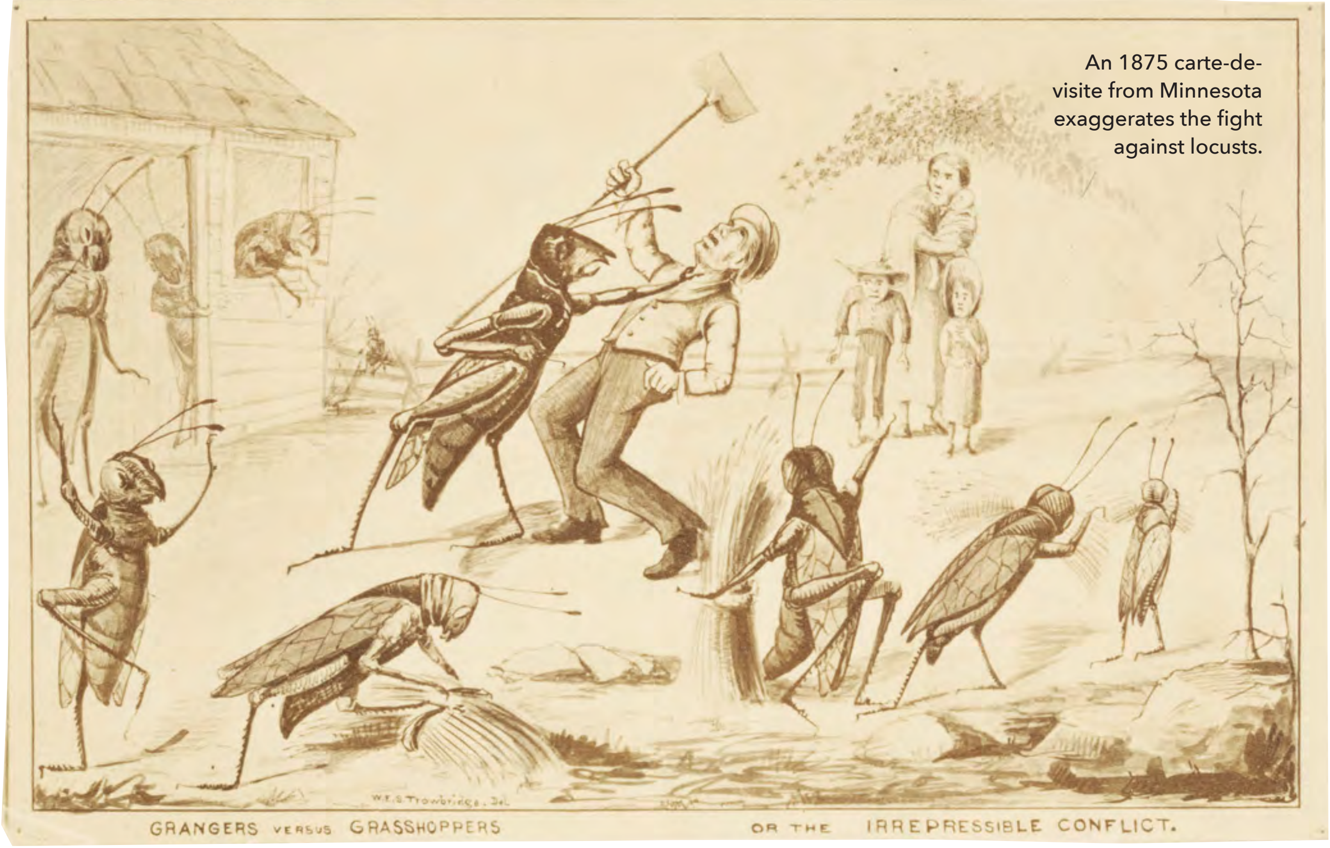
But the most evocative testimony comes from David Thompson. In 1801, the North West Company surveyor and fur trader was at Rocky Mountain House, on the North Saskatchewan River. He recalled that the summer was warm and dry, the mosquitoes and horseflies unbearable. Then, one July morning after sunrise, "the flies," Thompson reported, "wholly disappeared, as if annihilated. We were struck with surprise, and became afraid something strange was about to happen." The men of the post soon noticed an odd glittering in the southern sky.

Thompson reached for the telescope he usually employed for astronomical observations and perceived "innumerable small bright wings coming towards us in compact order. Onwards came this cloud,



Left: An illustration of the Rocky Mountain locust by an anonymous artist in 1902. Right: Norman Criddle, circa 1905.

SIPIWESKE MUSEUM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GRANGERS versus GRASSHOPPERS OR THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

An 1875 carte-de-visite from Minnesota exaggerates the fight against locusts.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

dazzling the sight, for the sun shone on their white wings, and we knew not what to make of them, until about ten a.m., when the foremost lowered and came on the ground, and, we beheld the Locusts, who now descended in myriads, and wholly covered the ground."

The locusts quickly became masters of the Rocky Mountain House kitchen garden, despite the best attempts of the men to protect the vegetables with blankets and animal hides. "By the afternoon of the second day," reported Thompson, "they had wholly devoured every leaf and blade of grass, and the dark ground took the place of the lively green verdure; the trees had the appearance of Winter." Eventually the locusts' advance was blocked by the pine forests north of the post, and the insects perished. Millions of locust corpses "lay like a line of drift weed" along both banks of the North Saskatchewan.

Other evidence that suggests locust swarms were not a new phenomenon triggered by settlement comes from frozen locust remains that have been found in the glaciers of Montana and Wyoming. These "grasshopper glaciers" confirm that the species was present in immense hordes long before the arrival of Europeans in North America.

So how did this species go from trillions to zero in a few short decades? The answer, according to Lockwood, lies in the bottleneck of the locust's life cycle. Although *Melanoplus spretus* covered a vast territory during its swarms, its breeding grounds were highly concentrated, found in select fertile valley lands bordering the rivers flowing east from the foothills. These arable plots of land hosting the locust's egg beds were particularly vulnerable to small-scale local changes.

Today, the most widely accepted theory is that the locust's home turf was unwittingly disturbed by pioneer farmers. Locust egg masses were either ploughed up and exposed to the winter elements or ploughed so far under that nymphs could not emerge from the soil. In a matter of a few short years, the species was, apparently, no more.

Some entomologists think the locust might be concealed in the river valleys of the West, only to emerge again one day. Norman Criddle — who went on to become Manitoba's provincial entomologist — expressed this belief in 1917: "The insect seems to have vanished completely … It seems almost incomprehensible, however, that such can be the case."

Dan Johnson, a professor of environmental science at the University of Lethbridge, has spent thirty years studying grasshoppers in the zone where the Rocky Mountain locust bred. He concedes that *Melanoplus spretus* isn't likely to come back from the wild. "By now," says Johnson, "about 110 years later, it would have turned up."

But the story may not be over. Criddle's two specimens eventually made their way to the Smithsonian Institute, where they still reside, and hundreds more preserved Rocky Mountain locusts are held in museums across the continent, not to mention the millions of corpses in those western glaciers. Scientists are hard at work extracting DNA from preserved specimens of the passenger pigeon and are musing about the possibility of resurrecting the extinct bird by splicing that DNA into the genome of a related wild pigeon.

Could something similar happen with *Melanoplus spretus*? Jeffrey Lockwood thinks so. "Given that there are museum specimens of the Rocky Mountain locust, and given the capacities of genetic engineers, I would imagine that the potential to reconstitute the species would be quite substantial," he said, quickly adding, "if we decided that doing so was justified."

// See a video at CanadasHistory.ca/Locusts

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CANADA'S
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Connie Wyatt Anderson accepts her teaching award medal from Governor General David Johnston.

RIDEAU HALL

Making a difference

Governor General's History Awards honour our best teachers. *by Connie Wyatt Anderson*

The Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Teaching was created in 1996 to recognize exceptional history educators and to encourage the exchange of ideas within Canada's teaching community. Since 1996, Canada's History Society has recognized hundreds of recipients and finalists, creating a network of enthusiastic and innovative history teachers.

One of the winners of the award in 2014 was Connie Wyatt Anderson, a teacher in Opaskwayak Cree Nation, Manitoba, who designed a unit on the First World War that incorporates First Nations' perspectives and focuses on the experiences of Aboriginal people.

Here is Anderson's perspective on the award.

Since its inception in 1996, nearly one hundred teachers have been honoured with the Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Teaching.

As a recipient of the 2014 award, I would like to congratulate this year's winners. I am humbled to be in your company, along with those whose recognition preceded mine.

Growing up in a small town in west-central Manitoba, I was raised within a very large extended family that included great-grandparents, grandparents, and dozens of first, second, and third cousins.

Both my grandfather and father were seasoned storytellers and expert fireside and kitchen-table raconteurs.

I therefore developed a love of history very early on. The benefits of a history education, both formal and informal, both romantic and utilitarian, were obvious. It was always clear to me that history mattered.

But what about those who do not approach the study of history with an innate passion? Why should history matter to them?

Any area of study needs justification; its advocates must explain why it is worth attention. Most widely accepted subjects — and history is certainly one of them — attract people who simply like the information and find it to be of relevance to their lives.

The benefits of a history education are numerous. Simply put: History matters.

History offers our students an important role in the formation of their individual identities and personalities as Canadians. It offers an explanation about the state of current events. The study of the past allows for an understanding of the ethical dimension of historical interpretations. It offers up a place for students to see themselves and their ancestors in the Canadian narrative, thus inspiring informed citizenship. At a more practical level, it imbues students with the skills of historical and critical thinking.

My primary objective as a history teacher is that my students leave my classes with a sense of who they are and of where they fit in society and a self-awareness of their past that will lead them to a purposeful and empowered future as engaged citizens. History matters because our students matter.

Recognizing the role history teachers play in the education of our students is laudable; and honouring teachers is a way of expressing that a history education is important.

It is a way of growing the history community to include members of Canada's History Society, readers of *Canada's History* magazine, museums, academic leaders, and fellow citizens.

A year ago I accepted my teaching award medal from David Johnston, the Governor General. During my thank-you speech at Rideau Hall, I said: "On the eve of the First World War, one hundred years ago, the 1st Viscount Grey of Falloden stated, 'The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime.' My fellow award winners ... the lamps have remained lit within the classrooms across the nation and will continue as such. Your work, supported by your families and communities, has ensured that the teaching of Canadian history remains relevant and alive."

Today, I heartily congratulate the 2015 winners and wish them the best: Yoland Bouchard, Collège Mont Notre Dame de Sherbrooke, Sherbrooke, Quebec; Craig Brumwell, Kitsilano Secondary School, Vancouver; Jennifer Janzen, The University of Winnipeg Collegiate, Winnipeg; Kim Sadowsky, Thom Collegiate, Regina; Shashi Shergill, Connect Charter School, Calgary; Kathryn Whitfield, Northview Heights Secondary School, Toronto.

// For a list of the 2015 Governor General's History Awards winners go to: CanadasHistory/2015TeachingRecipients

The East Quoddy lighthouse is a familiar landmark for visitors to Campobello Island, New Brunswick.

The two-nation vacation

The border parks of New Brunswick and Maine tell a story of war and peace between two countries. *by Janet Wallace*

The call of a gull mingles with the sound of leaves crunching beneath my feet. Through the fog, I think I see someone raking leaves ahead. I follow the path through the woods and am startled to realize it's a bronze statue of a French settler holding a hoe.

I see my breath in the cool morning air and wonder what the early French colonists thought as the seasons changed in 1604, the year Pierre Du Gua de Monts led an expedition to an island on the St. Croix River between what is now New Brunswick and the state of Maine. Seventy-nine men, including Samuel de Champlain — who would later found Quebec — built a fortified settlement complete with a blacksmith shop, chapel, bake ovens, and palisade. They planted gardens but didn't harvest enough vegetables for the long winter ahead. By spring, nearly half the settlers had died, and others were suffering from scurvy.

With the support of the Passamaquoddy people, who in March brought food to the settlers, the survivors regained their strength. They abandoned the island — now part of Maine — and moved to Port Royal, in what is now Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, by autumn 1605.

I've come here, to Saint Croix Island International Historic Site, to try to better understand how the region's complex history continues to shape the relationships between not only New Brunswick and Maine, but also Canada and the United States.

The island's historic site is American. However, there's a Canadian version on the mainland, near Bayside, New Brunswick. After a quick drive to the border crossing at Calais, Maine, I arrive at the New Brunswick site, which overlooks the island and features a three-panel sculpture that "commemorates and celebrates the legacy of the French and Aboriginal Peoples to Canada."

The two historic sites reflect the co-operation between Parks Canada and the U.S. National Park Service. The two countries were not always so friendly, however. At times — such as during the War of 1812 — the two were at war. Downstream, at the St. Andrews Blockhouse National Historic Site, the cannons pointing at Maine from across the river are a testament to this sometimes troubled past.

Even so, relations between people on opposite sides of the St. Croix remained cordial. The cannons were to protect St. Andrews from threats further south — not their nearest American neighbours. In fact, relations were so cordial that, during the War of 1812, the town of Calais, Maine, asked the New Brunswick community of St. Stephen for gunpowder to celebrate the Fourth of July — and St. Stephen gave it some.

St. Andrews owes its existence to the American Revolution. In 1783, many United

PHOTOS COURTESY OF TOURISM, HERITAGE AND CULTURE NEW BRUNSWICK

Clockwise, from top: The iconic Algonquin Resort in St. Andrews, New Brunswick; whale watching in the Bay of Fundy; the thiry-four-room Roosevelt Cottage, centrepiece of Roosevelt Campobello International Park.

Empire Loyalists fled persecution in the United States for the safety of British North America. St. Andrews' proximity to the border meant that it needed a bulwark against potential American invasion, hence the blockhouse. Highlights of the site include its eighteen-pounder and nine-pounder cannons, as well as the blockhouse itself.

By the late 1880s, the War of 1812 was a fading memory, and St. Andrews had become a summer community for wealthy Americans. The Algonquin Resort opened in 1889 and remains a major attraction in the town.

From St. Andrews, I drive to nearby L'Etete and take two ferries to get to Campobello Island in the Gulf of Maine. Like St. Andrews, Campobello has lured many Americans, including James and Sara Roosevelt. They came to the island in 1883 with their one-year-old son, Franklin Delano, and later bought a "summer cottage" — actually a mansion with thirty-four rooms. The property is the centrepiece of the Roosevelt Campobello International Park, which celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in 2014.

I take a guided tour through the Roosevelt summer home and glimpse life among the wealthy in the early 1900s. I read about the history of Canada-U.S. relations, as well as the personal relationship between President Franklin Delano Roosevelt (FDR) and Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King. The park itself is a model of co-operation, since it is owned and run by the people of two nations.

The highlight of my trip to Campobello is "Tea with Eleanor." Over cookies and tea, I hear stories about Eleanor Roosevelt, FDR's wife.

"Whenever things are tough, I ask myself, 'What would Eleanor do?' and I know what to do," says Dawn Parker. The twenty-four-year-old "Tea Lady," a ninth-generation islander, was brought up by a single mom who raised three kids with the money she made clamming (digging clams).

Tea with Eleanor was started after park staff noticed that they received far more questions about the former first lady than about her husband. The presentations are done in pairs — one Canadian with one American. The talks are unscripted, and the presenters are passionate.

After tea, I hike FDR's "beloved island." The park's 1,134 hectares include a lighthouse, forests, old orchards, rocky outcrops, and stunning vistas.

From an observation deck, I see the bridge connecting Campobello to Lubec, Maine, the easternmost town in the continental United States.

I talk to a man raking the leaves around the cottage. After noting his thick Maine accent, I ask about the challenges of working in one country and living in another. The only problem, he says, is the construction on the international bridge. When there is only one lane free and lots of traffic, he has to bring a sandwich to work because "it takes too long to drive home for lunch."

In an area that has seen war — including U-boats surfacing in the waters around Campobello during the Second World War — peace now reigns. Here, the border is just an imaginary line.

Artists in both countries collaborate on studio tours, and an annual international marathon runs between Lubec and Campobello. The tourism departments of Maine and New Brunswick have started a campaign known as the Two Nation Vacation.

Just as the early French settlers realized that they needed the help of the Passamaquoddy people to survive, Americans and Canadians in this region work together today to promote its natural beauty, cultural charm, and historic relevance.

Janet Wallace is a writer and organic grower based in New Horton, New Brunswick.

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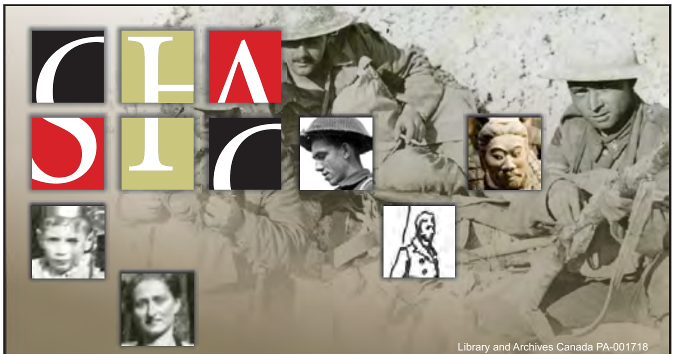

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The CHA is open to anyone with an interest in history. Our members come from across the country and around the world.

To find out more about the CHA, the benefits of membership, and how to join, go to www.cha-shc.ca.

La Société historique du Canada se consacre à la promotion de l'étude scientifique et la communication de l'histoire au Canada. La société vise à encourager l'intégration et la mise en perspective de la connaissance historique dans les sphères académique et publique, afin de garantir l'accessibilité aux ressources historiques et défendre les droits et libertés des historiens dans la poursuite de recherches historiques. Elle décerne également plusieurs prix pour récompenser et encourager l'excellence en recherche historique.

La SHC rassemble toute personne ayant un intérêt pour l'histoire. Les membres viennent des quatre coins du Canada et du monde entier.

Pour plus de renseignements sur la SHC, les avantages d'adhésion et comment devenir membre de la SHC, veuillez consulter notre site Internet au www.cha-shc.ca.

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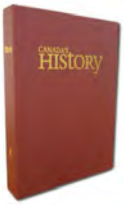

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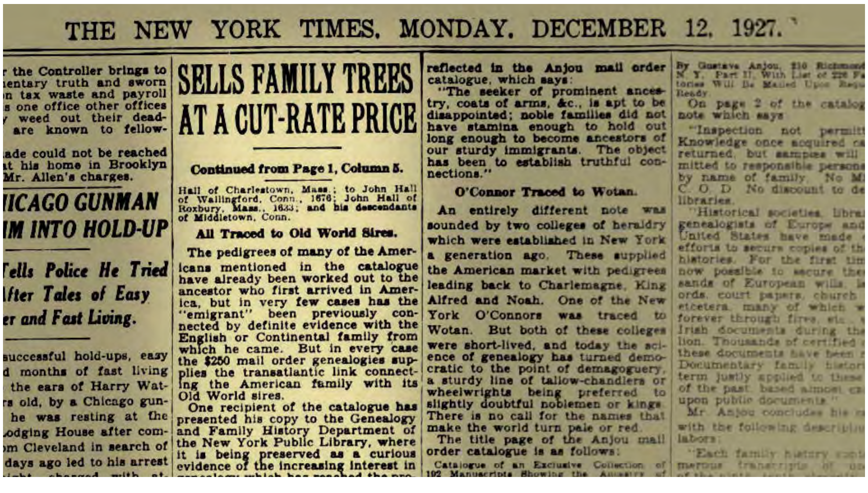

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1927.

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Lodging House after com-
om Cleveland in search of
days ago led to his arrest

SELLS FAMILY TREES AT A CUT-RATE PRICE

Continued from Page 1, Column 5.

Hall of Charlestown, Mass.; to John Hall of Wallingford, Conn., 1676; John Hall of Roxbury, Mass., 1633; and his descendants of Middletown, Conn.

All Traced to Old World Sires.

The pedigrees of many of the Americans mentioned in the catalogue have already been worked out to the ancestor who first arrived in America, but in very few cases has the "emigrant" been previously connected by definite evidence with the English or Continental family from which he came. But in every case the $250 mail order genealogies supplies the transatlantic link connecting the American family with its Old World sires.

One recipient of the catalogue has presented his copy to the Genealogy and Family History Department of the New York Public Library, where it is being preserved as a curious evidence of the increasing interest in

reflected in the Anjou mail order catalogue, which says:

"The seeker of prominent ancestry, coats of arms, &c., is apt to be disappointed; noble families did not have stamina enough to hold out long enough to become ancestors of our sturdy immigrants. The object has been to establish truthful connections."

O'Connor Traced to Wotan.

An entirely different note was sounded by two colleges of heraldry which were established in New York a generation ago. These supplied the American market with pedigrees leading back to Charlemagne, King Alfred and Noah. One of the New York O'Connors was traced to Wotan. But both of these colleges were short-lived, and today the science of genealogy has turned democratic to the point of demagoguery, a sturdy line of tallow-chandlers or wheelwrights being preferred to slightly doubtful noblemen or kings. There is no call for the names that make the world turn pale or red.

The title page of the Anjou mail order catalogue is as follows:

Catalogue of an Exclusive Collection of 192 Manuscripts Showing the Ancestry of

By Gustave Anjou, 210 Richmond
N. Y. Part II, With List of 226 Fa
tories Will Be Mailed Upon Requ
Ready.

On page 2 of the catalog
note which says:

"Inspection not permitt
Knowledge once acquired ca
returned, but samples will
mitted to responsible persons
by name of family. No M
C. O. D. No discount to de
libraries.

"Historical societies, libra
genealogists of Europe and
United States have made
efforts to secure copies of th
histories. For the first tim
now possible to secure the
sands of European wills, le
ords, court papers, church
etcetera, many of which w
forever through fires, etc.,
Irish documents during the
lion. Thousands of certified
these documents have been
Documentary family histor
term justly applied to these
of the past, based almost
upon public documents."

Mr. Anjou concludes his
with the following descripti
labors:

"Each family history cont
merous transcripts of un

IMAGE COURTESY OF PAUL JONES

Family frauds

Researchers should beware of perpetuating falsehoods from the past. *by Paul Jones*

On 12 December 1927, the *New York Times* published what may have been a first: a front-page feature story about a professional genealogist.

The article "Sells Family Trees at a Cut-Rate Price" detailed the business plans of Gustave Anjou, a "Staten Island Dealer" who was reportedly abandoning the sagging market for patrician ancestries in favour of a more populist approach.

Regrettably, the *Times*' unprecedented attention to genealogy was misplaced. The unnamed reporter clearly perceived it as a story about changing consumer tastes, and it was — just not in the way imagined. Anjou was a huckster, a convicted forger in his native Europe, and he was shifting his con from artisanal fake pedigrees for the rich to a high-volume assembly line that would suck in the vast and less discerning middle class.

We now know that Anjou (real name Gustaf Ludvig Jungberg) authored at least three hundred "genealogical" works incorporating false information about as many as two thousand different surnames, possibly more. Some of these lineages — certainly the Church and Freeman families, and probably many others — included kin supposedly born or living in Canada.

These deceptive documents survive on library shelves, in manuscript collections, and no doubt among the cherished family papers of some readers of this magazine. In the past twenty years, unsuspecting family historians have given new life to these old lies by uploading them to the Internet.

Anjou was hardly the first or even the most prominent genealogist to embroider the truth. The Bible, after all, is notable for its suspect lineages. As for the lords temporal, the august *Burke's Peerage* published popular misinformation about the origins of the aristocracy throughout the nineteenth century and well into the twentieth.

The mid-nineteenth century in particular was an era of what one commentator has termed "parvenu genealogy," characterized by specious claims of connections to wealth, nobility, and heraldic entitlement. Many con men of the day, and at least one woman, produced false family trees at a profit for a credulous public. Even the most respected genealogist of the era, Horatio Gates Somerby, whose works can still be purchased on Amazon, sometimes embellished his research to ensure happy outcomes for clients.

We may not be as socially ambitious today, but gullibility is always in fashion. As recently as the 1980s, the Irishman Brian Leese created hundreds of deeply flawed genealogical reports for clients as far away as South America.

Detecting a bogus family tree is not always easy. The noted genealogist and editor Gordon L. Remington has proposed several warning signals, although these are most recognizable in blatant cases.

For example, he cautions against "suspicious, inadequate, or no citations."

Wise words to be sure, but Anjou was crafty. He would often inundate his clients with references, almost all truthful and relevant. The dirty work, perhaps a link between a real and undistinguished forebear of the client and the equally real and undistinguished descendant of a fabled family, might be "proven" by an obscure document supposedly transcribed in a faraway European archive.

Indeed, Anjou was not above inventing whole parishes to suit his purposes.

Remington also warned against results that were "too good to be true." However, the precaution may be easier to preach than to practise. Given enough genealogical elbow grease, virtually everyone of European descent can be linked to royalty. So, yes, the finding of royal or noble descent in a pedigree is a warning sign, but not necessarily proof of deception.

Remington's third stricture concerns reasoning that doesn't make sense. Are people being born, getting married, having children, and dying at times and in places that seem right? If not, the researcher may be shoehorning individuals of the same or similar names into a single identity, thereby erroneously linking multiple lineages.

Oddly, we've come full circle. Time was that genealogical research for most people meant delving into compiled genealogies such as those prepared by Anjou.

Today many family history buffs are once again beguiled by the apparent simplicity of scavenging the work of others. Little more than name collectors, they scour the Internet in search of similar-sounding names in order to graft new lineages onto their Frankentrees. The upshot is that spot tests by one researcher have found that more than half of online family trees are incorrect.

Today the deceptions and the errors are self-imposed. Original records are available, but many prefer to delude themselves rather than to seek the facts. No need for Gustave Anjou in this brave new world.

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogist.

WINNING WORDS

National writing and art contest celebrates superb Aboriginal storytellers

ISTOCK PHOTO

Canada's History Society is proud to present the 2015 winners of the Aborginal Arts & Stories contest. The national contest, held annually by Historica Canada, showcases the work of young Aboriginal writers and artists.

Capturing top prize in the junior writing category this year was Sunshine O'Donovan (Nlaka'pamux Nation) of Merritt, British Columbia, for her story "Hell's Gate." The winner of the senior category was Shaelyn Johnston (Saugeen First Nation) of Burnaby, B.C. , for her story "Anishinaabemowin."

For the art competition, the junior winner was Mary McPherson (Couchiching First Nation) of Thunder Bay, Ontario, and the senior category winner was "Nodinamaad" Isaac Narciso Weber (Henvey Inlet First Nation) of Toronto.

Anishinaabemowin

Shaelyn Johnston, 28
Burnaby, British Columbia
Saugeen First Nation

It's surprisingly quiet in our room. I can hear another baby's cry down the hallway and the nurses chatting at their station, but my sweet girl doesn't make a sound. Justin has taken Mom and Dad to get coffee, and for now it's just the two of us.

"Ella," I whisper.

I tell her I don't really like hospitals, that she wasn't even supposed to be born in this one, but here we are. Fate is funny that way. This is where we needed to be. It's where Ella's Koko, my Gram, wanted us to be.

"You're named after her, you know," I say.

I promise Ella that I will teach her our language and help her keep the memory of her Koko alive. After all, this is where I promised myself that I would never stop speaking Anishinaabemowin. "She would've been so happy to meet you," I say.

Niinimooshe. Sweetheart.

I was eight the last time I saw my Gram. Before that, I hadn't seen her for a couple of years, but we talked on the phone every week. Gram told me once that she had picked out my name because Mom and Dad couldn't decide. She gave me her middle name, Mae. She said it kept us connected even though we were so far apart.

I hadn't talked to Gram for a while because Mom said she wasn't feeling well. It was usually just Auntie Ada that Mom talked with on the phone. A couple of days before Mom told me we were going to Ontario to visit, I heard her talking to Gram.

"*Aanii*? *Aanii*?" Gram said when Mom let me say hi. I had to put my hand over the receiver to ask Mom what Gram meant. Mom told me it was bedtime and to tell Gram that I loved her. *Aanii*. Hello.

When Mom and Dad tucked me into bed that night, I asked why Gram didn't recognize me on the phone.

"Mae, Gram is sick," Mom told me. She said we were going to Ontario because Gram needed to be with all of her family. I asked if she was going to be better by the time we got there, and Mom started to cry. Dad said it was going to be okay.

I asked Mom about what Gram had said to me on the phone. "*Anishinaabemowin*," she told me. It was the language Mom always switched to when she spoke to Auntie Ada on the phone while I was in the room. Secrets I wasn't allowed to know.

Bizaan. Quiet.

Dad grew up in Vancouver and only spoke English. I spoke a bit of French at school, but there was no mystery or fun in knowing something almost everyone else knew. I told her I wanted to learn the language. I was going to surprise Gram. Mom wiped away her tears and said Gram would love that.

Nokomis. Grandmother.

When we flew to Ontario, Mom let me sit next to the window. She told me it was because I was on my best behaviour. She didn't know that when Dad said goodbye to us at the gate, he had told me that Mom would give me the seat because she was terrified of the mountains.

I love the mountains. A skyline without mountains is boring. Dad always said that, if Mom had grown up around the mountains like we had, she would have a better appreciation for them. Mom always said, "No thank you."

Wajiwan. Mountains.

Mom had printed off sheets of Ojibwe words from the Internet before we left home. The spelling looks a bit confusing when you're used to seeing words in English. There's a lot of aa, ii, oo, and zh sounds. Some words I was able to figure out on my own.

Waabigwan. Flower. *Niibin*. Summer. More often than not, though, I needed extra help. During our flight I interrupted Mom's movie so many times she eventually gave up and turned off the screen.

"How do you say this?" I asked, pointing to a long word on one of my papers.

"*Miini… baash…*." She paused. "You don't need to know that word."

I didn't like sleeping in Gram's bed without her there. I stared at the silhouettes of pictures on her walls, and I pulled her handmade quilts closer around me.

She pushed back the paper at me. I pushed it back towards her.

"I want to know," I told her. "You know how to say everything."

"Speaking it is different from reading it, my girl. I speak it because I remember it, we never wrote anything," she said.

I asked Mom what she remembered about the word. She closed her eyes and was quiet for so long I thought she was falling asleep. Then she smiled. That warm smile full of memories you forgot were tucked away. Mom told me about her own Gram, whom she had called her Koko.

Koko used to watch Mom and her siblings when Gram and Grandpa worked in the tobacco fields. The kids loved when Koko came to stay with them because she was an amazing cook.

Miinibaashkiminasiganibiitoosijiganibadagwiingweshiganibakwezhigan.

Blueberry pie.

I still can't pronounce that word all at once like Mom did. She laughed when she finally managed to say it. I can still see the smile that spread across her face when she told me about her Koko.

It was a three-hour drive from the airport to Southampton, and I was half asleep by the time we got to Gram's house. Before we went inside, Mom pulled me over to the middle of the front yard.

"Look up, Mae," she said.

The first thing that will forever come to mind when I think about being in Ontario is the stars. I could spend the rest of my nights staring up at them, and they would never bore me. Where Mom comes from there are no skyscrapers, streetlamps, or smog. The only lights during the night are from houses that sporadically line the roads and the random cars that pass by. Everything else is starshine.

"It's good to be home," Mom said.

Anangoog. Stars.

I asked Mom if we could go in and see Gram, and she told me that Gram wasn't inside. She was at a hospital. Mom hugged me tight and said that we would see her tomorrow. I watched her stare up at the stars for a little while longer.

I didn't like sleeping in Gram's bed without her there. I stared at the silhouettes of pictures on her walls, and I pulled her handmade quilts closer around me. I fell asleep listening to Mom talk to her sisters down the hall. More secrets. "Goodnight Gram," I said to the room.

Bawajigaywin. Dream.

The next morning our entire family packed into four cars, and we headed off to the hospital in London. Mom spoke to my Uncle Peter in Anishinaabemowin while we rode along in his truck, and I told him that someday I would understand what they were saying. I told him I was going to surprise Gram once we got to the hospital.

"You know, your mom and me, we didn't even speak English when we were around your age. Not until the Agency sent us off to school."

I looked at Mom, and she nodded.

I stared down at the words I was practising in my notebook. Mom struggled teaching me simple words while we were on the plane. How was it that at one time Ojibwe was all she spoke? What was it like to not speak English? "What's an Agency?" I asked. The truck was quiet except for the country music playing quietly on the radio.

Uncle Peter glanced over and patted my head. "Nothing you need to worry about right now, my girl," he answered. "Did your Mom teach you how to count yet?"

I told him I could count to five in our language, so he taught me the rest of the numbers up to ten. We practised on the horses in the fields along the stretch of highway.

Inzhishenh. Mother's brother.

The waiting area we sat in had a small TV and some books on a shelf, but my cousins and I stayed in our chairs. Mom and the adults had gone to talk to a doctor. I practised telling Gram that I was learning our language. I could say it on my own without looking at my paper.

"When do we get to see Gram?" I asked my cousin. She held me close but didn't answer, and I started to wonder whether Gram was going to kiss me goodnight that evening. Why was I the only one excited to see her?

Ningotaaj. Afraid.

When the adults all came back, Auntie Ada said it was time to say goodbye to Gram. My cousins started to cry, and so did I. I had just got there, I didn't want to say goodbye yet. Mom led me down the hallway and pulled me aside just before Gram's room.

"Do you remember the last time you saw Gram?" Mom asked. Gram flew to Vancouver for my fifth birthday party. I had sat in her lap the entire night. Mom grabbed hold of my hand.

"Machines are helping her right now because she is very sick." Mom paused. Uncle Peter came out of Gram's room and stood by the door. I had never seen an adult cry before.

"She might look a little different, but she's still Gram. Okay?" Mom squeezed my hand. I looked down at the sheet of paper where I had written, Gram, I'm learning to speak Ojibwe.

"Can we go see Gram now?" I asked.

Eya. Yes.

We walked into her room. My grip tightened around Mom's hand. Soft light peeked through the curtains. The bedside tables were covered in flowers and cards. The room was quiet except for the sounds of two machines. One was Gram's heartbeat, beeping a slow and steady calm. I slowed my breathing to match the other machine helping Gram breathe. Mom led me over to a chair beside Gram and I asked if I could hold her hand. Mom nodded and let go. Gram looked so small in her bed.

"*Aanii*, Gram," I said to her. I waited for her to open her eyes. When she didn't, I asked Mom if she could still hear me. Mom squeezed my shoulder.

"*Bangii eta go ninitaa-ojibwem*," I said, staring down at my paper. "*Nimaamaa* is teaching me more."

The heart monitor continued to beep. Gram breathed with the machine. I got up from my chair and kissed her. I told her I loved her. "*Gi zah gin*, Gram." There is no word for goodbye in our language.

Baamaapii. Until later.

I place my finger in Ella's little hand; she grips it tight. When I look up, Mom is at the door. She smiles and walks over; her hand brushes over Ella's small tuft of hair, and she breathes in the soft baby smell that I can't get enough of.

In that moment I feel my Gram. I can't see her but I know she's there. Mom nods at me. I know she feels her too.

Ella's eyes are open when I look down at her. "*Gi zah gin*, Ella," I say. I look out to the openness of our room. "*Gi zah gin*."

Miigwech. Thank you.

Hell's Gate

Sunshine O'Donovan, 14
Merritt, British Columbia
Nlaka'pamux Nation

My dad died last year, dip netting in the biggest river during the salmon run. He slipped when handing a friend a fish, and the river dragged him away.

I remember watching him fish. Swing, up, down, and with the current, he'd say. Let the current help you, so the work isn't so heavy. Don't let the handle's end hit the rock behind you or you'll lose your balance. When the current boils in the river, the fish go to the sides to rest. Follow through with the swing or you never catch fish. Be ready and willing to take what the river gives you. Show it love and respect, and in turn it will do you good. The first fish you catch you return to the river because it is one of your relations. Always say a prayer when you clean and cut the fish, and then return a piece of the salmon to the river.

When fishing was done, carrying the heavy load of fish with a tumpline around his head, he'd smile and say, "The walk home is harder than the fishing."

My name is Shpetzen, named after the plant we twist into string for making nets and rope. I'm the oldest daughter but not yet old enough to have gone to the hut made of fir branches.

My grannie, my mother, my younger sister, and I cook and eat together at the fire. My baby brother is in the cradleboard and gets his food from my mother. Salmon is the first solid food he'll eat, same as it was for me. It makes us strong.

The salmon run will be starting soon. I'm not sure how we will get our salmon, and I'm scared.

My grannie takes me and our baskets to pick berries a little way out of our camp. The soopolallie's soft berry orbs are so different from the branches of the same bush that scratch my legs. As we pick, I eat some berries. My grannie scolds me with fire in her eyes,” Girl! We need those berries for winter!” I love her, so I stop.

I run to Grannie and ask if she's coming with us. She replies calmly, “No girl, I am too old and sick.” My eyes fill with tears.

We hear crunching on the rocks and brush, then a shape rides up on a tall animal with ears pricked like a coyote, but much bigger and with hair like mine on its neck and tail. At first he is so high up I can't see him and the sun gets in my eyes. When he drops to the ground, we see he is an alien … a white man.

This is the first shemma I've ever seen, and he is really strange. It's a hot afternoon, but he is all covered, even his head. His skin is pale like the underbelly of a fish, eyes like a summer sky, and hair the colour of dead grass. There is a shining moon in his earlobe. I gaze at it. He sees me staring and makes sounds like he's swallowing hot soup. He chuckles and then rides off on the tamed, sleek creature.

Back at camp, Grannie tells my mother everything of this encounter. After dinner we sit together around the fire. On her thigh Grannie is rolling the dried shpetzen into strong cord. My sister is playing with our baby brother, and my mother is hauling water. I look into the fire, which stings my eyes, but I don't care, for the smoke leaves its wonderful scent on my buckskin dress.

A woman we know half walks, half worries her way to us. My mother makes her some tea from ka-che leaves. The woman drinks and tells us that, down the steep river canyon where it is narrow, white men were cutting and hitting the rock and the earth. They set off a big echo sound that made huge rocks fall and block the river. Now the water escapes through a tiny channel. So much water in such a tight place makes the river rush like never before. The salmon can't fight their way up to spawn.

Elders saw the danger right away and organized our people to pack the salmon and release the fish upstream. The Nlaka'pamux people are working day and night, with the river raging beside them, trying to save as many salmon as they can. We all know that without salmon we cannot live. I start to braid my hair, which I do when I'm nervous. My mother watches me and with weariness agrees that we will travel down to help the spawning salmon come home to lay their eggs.

I am still scared about the salmon run, but in a different way than before.

Early the next day we leave Grannie to mind our camp. When we arrive at the rockslide, all we see is black water. As far down as we can see, the river is thick with leaping salmon. Their courage and strength can't get them over the huge rock dam. We pack the heavy fish all day and night and day again. Millions of salmon downstream still outnumber our people, so before sunset we return to camp.

We don't go the next day because Grannie is very sick. We give her plant medicine and tea from the leaves we picked and dried, but that does not stop her from coughing up blood.

We remain with Grannie, because she is weak and her light is fading. Our food dwindles, and we miss meals. Mother goes to the rocks where we used to clean the fish to look for dried blood that she can scrape up for soup. Winter is coming, and we have no dried salmon. Other people are travelling towards the rising sun to look for lake fish. We need to find a place to winter before the ice freezes. But Grannie can't walk far.

My mother plans silently and then states with a clear voice and trembling body that we will pack and leave when we awaken. As soon as the daylight touches the earth, I am dressed. My mother packs the baby in his cradleboard. As we leave, I run to Grannie and ask if she's coming with us. She replies calmly, “No, girl, I am too old and sick.” I stare at her, and my eyes fill with tears. When my cheek brushes hers, I inhale her scent of smoke and memories. My mother calls, and I leave.

Walking without end, I swallow, hoping to find some last remains of the good days, but I can only taste my dry mouth.

I used to run for the thrill of it, loving the smell of the wind on my skin. I wish I could run now so that I could find a home and food faster, but I can barely walk.

As we get closer to the lakes in the Okanagan territory, my mother hangs the cradleboard, with my brother in it, on a high tree branch. It is the first time she has ever done this. My mother leaves my sleeping brother in the tree. She keeps walking, farther and farther away. I catch up to her, and she stares into my eyes. She answers aloud my silent question, “I can't feed him. Someone will pick him up.”

Angry, I walk.

We climb into the bunch grass, open hills, and plateau country. Groups of people ahead move in the same direction, so we follow. People fall along the trail, too weak to walk.

Finally, we see a lake and a crowd. Cooked fish is being passed hand to hand, and we are fed.

Days later a shemma rides up on the tall creature. One of our people, in shemma clothing, brown dressed as white, translates: “The white men are willing to help our children. They will be cared for and will never be in want of food. The children will go away, but they may come back to visit you. Children who can walk and work will learn to survive in the shemma world.” My mother thinks on this and finally agrees.

As I walk away in the group of children bound for school, I look back at my mom for the last time. A tear runs down her cheek, and then she turns away.

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Edited by
William E. Moreau

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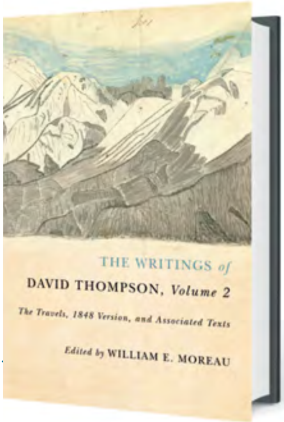
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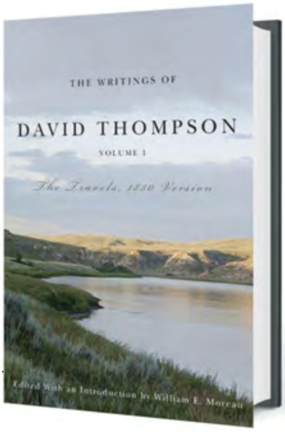
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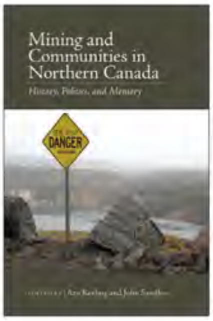
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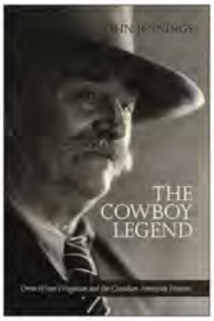
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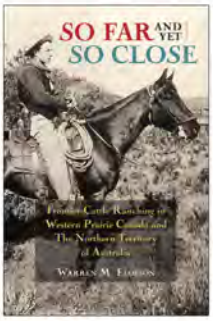
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The delegates of the provinces at the October 1864 Confederation conference in Quebec City.

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A delicate balance

In October 1864, delegates from the provinces of British North America convened in Quebec City to attempt to complete what they had begun earlier in Charlottetown — negotiating the terms for the formation of the new country of Canada.

The most prominent figures of the day participated, including John A. Macdonald, George-Étienne Cartier, and George Brown. Intense negotiations took place daily beginning on October 10 and decided key questions for the new Dominion, including the balance between federal and provincial powers, between smaller Atlantic provinces and the larger Province of Canada (present-day Ontario and Quebec), and between an elected House of Commons and an appointed Senate.

In Three Weeks in Quebec City: The Meeting That Made Canada, *award-winning historian and* Canada's History *columnist Christopher Moore takes readers through the twists and turns of the debates, showing how delegates might easily have decided otherwise and how Canada might have been a very different place.*

Moore also gives a sense of the media coverage and of the social events surrounding the negotiations. He begins many of his chapters with reference to the diary of Mercy Coles, daughter of Prince Edward Island delegate George Coles and a keen observer of both the social activities and the political manoeuvrings.

Tuesday, October 18: The Senate Defined

by Christopher Moore

"I am sure I shall know the shape of every shingle on the roof of the old house opposite," Mercy Coles told her diary resignedly on Tuesday afternoon. After her collapse on Friday night, she had been laid low all weekend, and had barely lifted her head from her pillow, except to accept Dr. Tupper's treatments. On Tuesday she made her first venture downstairs to the hotel drawing room, but she quickly staggered back to bed. Mrs. Tupper, who visited, told her she had almost certainly had a bout of diphtheria. Diphtheria had killed one of the Tuppers' own children some years previously, and their daughter Emma, another of the delegates' daughters enjoying the Quebec City festivities, would come down with a milder case a few days later.

Even after a stream of visitors bearing gossip and newspapers, Mercy was miserable, and she vented her fury about all she was missing on Quebec City. "I shall get quite well whenever we leave Quebec. It is the most miserable place to live in one can fancy. We have not had one fine day since we came. It has been pouring." Mrs. Coles, however, was having a much better time, except that her social commitments were relentless. "Ma is going to have a new black silk waist made," Mercy noted. "She has only the one evening dress and finds it rather awkward." Mercy was still hoping to be well enough for Wednesday's ball, but Mrs. Coles was not going to miss it.

When the delegates gathered on Tuesday morning, John A. Macdonald's resolution on an upper house appointed by the federal government headed the agenda. In his opening remarks to the conference's first meeting, Macdonald had airily said, "Some are in favour of the elective principle. More are in favour of appointment by the Crown. I will keep my own mind open upon that point as if it were a new question to me altogether." He joked that whatever the form, an upper house would surely be necessary because it was necessary to protect minorities — "and the rich are always fewer than the poor." But the plan for the upper house worked out by the Canadian Cabinet allowed for no such alternatives. Macdonald, now pulled firmly into line, presented as his own the key resolution that would ensure the powerlessness of the upper house.

The weak upper house being urged by the Canadian Cabinet was probably congenial enough to Macdonald. As a Conservative, inclined to support the familiar and the traditional, he was determined that the new national legislature should grow to the stature and dignity for which Britain's Westminster Parliament was the model, so he wanted an upper house that lent dignity to the new Canadian Parliament. But Macdonald's eye was always on power. He would have preferred — and frequently said so — a centralized union in which power would lie with the national government. He could be glad of a chamber the national government could use to reward its friends and dispose of those no longer useful to it. But he had no reason to want a powerful, representative, authoritative upper house.

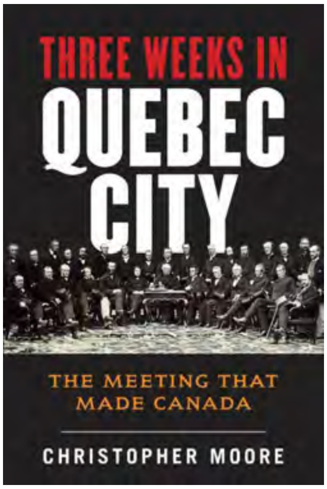
An appointed house, particularly one appointed by the central government, would always be dignified, ceremonial, advisory – and largely without power.

As a young politician in the 1840s, Macdonald had opposed the responsible-government revolution that made the governor's Cabinet fully accountable to the elected legislature. But in the following years he had helped to bring his Liberal-Conservative Party around to full support of responsible government, and he had become a parliamentary man to his fingertips, one who preferred that the lower house, the representative and governing house, not be trammelled and constrained by an interfering upper chamber. So on Monday morning, in a string of resolutions, he threaded his way carefully, presenting the upper house as a dignified and respectable chamber, a Canadian House of Lords almost, while at the same time ensuring that it had little likelihood of ever seriously challenging the government that was accountable to the lower house.

As their first order of business, the conference took up Macdonald's resolution from the night before: The upper house would be appointive, not elected, and appointments to it would be made by "the Crown under the Great Seal of the General Government" — that is, by the Governor General acting on advice of the federal Cabinet. The record of Macdonald's aide, Hewitt Bernard, is thin on this point, but this profound choice had surely been debated and defended during the conference's long allocation-of-seats wrangle in which the Canadians had gradually made the case for their kind of upper house. This morning, the resolution went through almost without debate, without even a pause for the provincial caucuses to withdraw and consult on how to vote. Support was unanimous, according to Bernard, and this time Andrew Macdonald's notes did not contradict him.

More than almost any other decision of the Quebec Conference, the decision to have an appointed upper house was mocked and attacked from the day it was announced. The opponents of Confederation denounced it as evidence of the autocratic and anti-democratic tendencies of the Confederation makers, as if their intention was to create an aristocratic upper chamber from which the chosen creatures of the colonial ascendency would thwart the will of the Canadian people forever. Those in the conference, however, were coming to understand that it meant precisely the opposite. An appointed house, particularly one appointed by the central government, would always be dignified, ceremonial, advisory — and largely without power. It might be clothed with theoretical authority, like the British House of Lords, to veto anything that came before it. But in the reality of Canadian political culture in the 1860s, and ever after, an appointed chamber could never stand up in a real and concerted way to the will of the lower house, the one given legitimate power by being elected by Canadian voters in proportion to their numbers on a broad electoral franchise. That was what the conference delegates had come to believe was required. On Tuesday morning, October 18, 1864, they settled that such would be their advice to their legislatures.

In defending the upper house during the Province of Canada's legislative debate on Confederation that followed the conference, Alexander Mackenzie, a friend and supporter of George Brown and a future prime minister, declared, "It is my opinion that we would be better without an upper house." Mackenzie had not been a delegate at Quebec City, but he acknowledged that the question there had been "not what is the best possible form of government," but only "what is the best that can be framed for a community holding different views on the subject." On that basis, he was prepared to accept an upper house, so long as it was a mere "court of revision," not an independent chamber. "Hear, hear!" called Brown, "and therefore I accepted as a fair compromise, a second chamber nominated by the [federal Cabinet]." The Canadians had insisted on appointment not to make the upper house independently powerful but to ensure its dependence on the government and subservience to the lower house. It seems to have been understood that it might be awkward for the delegates to declare too frankly that the principal quality they sought in an upper house was its weakness vis-à-vis the elected lower house. …

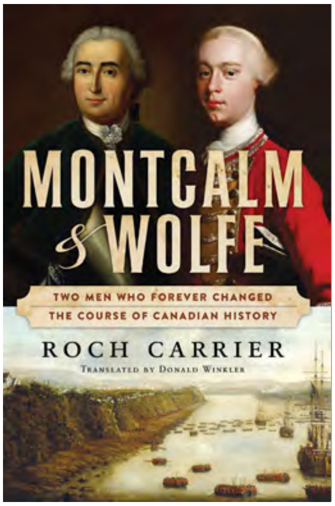


John A. Macdonald was careful to dispel suggestions that the upper house might threaten the authority of the lower. He pointed to the fixed numbers of members in the upper house, a rule that would prevent the government of the day from packing it with supporters in order to have its way in a crisis. The upper house must maintain some distance from the lower house, he continued, "for it is only valuable as being a regulating body, calmly considering the legislation initiated by the popular branch." Nevertheless, he continued, "it will never set itself in opposition against the deliberate and understood wishes of the people.… There is an infinitely greater chance of a deadlock between the two branches of the legislature, should the elective principle be adopted." By making the upper house an appointed one, the delegates had deliberately prevented that. …

When the delegates met again at 7 p.m., they fell into a long wrangle about how to appoint the first block of seventy-six members of the upper house. This would consume their time and attention until midnight, and again the next day until the afternoon break. … George Coles was one of the few who argued that all citizens should be eligible for appointment. He denounced as corrupt the attempt to buy the provincial upper house members with these first federal appointments, but he got little support.

The delegates agreed that priority for appointments to the first upper house would go to existing provincial councillors. In a nod to the bipartisan unity that had brought opposition as well as government members to the constitutional conference, they agreed that in the first distribution of seats government and opposition councillors would be appointed in proportion to their existing numbers in the provincial upper houses. The first Senate of the new Dominion of Canada, in other words, would be appointed on a bipartisan basis — but only the first one. They fought over this problem until midnight, and again for most of the next day before they had it sorted out.

From Three Weeks in Quebec City: The Meeting That Made Canada, *by Christopher Moore. Copyright Christopher Moore, 2015. Reprinted with permission of Allen Lane Canada.*


MONTCALM & WOLFE
TWO MEN WHO FOREVER CHANGED THE COURSE OF CANADIAN HISTORY
ROCH CARRIER
Translated by Donald Winkler

GENERAL MEETING

Montcalm & Wolfe: Two Men Who Forever Changed the Course of Canadian History

by Roch Carrier
HarperCollins, 336 pp., $34.99

The exchange of gunfire was over in less than thirty minutes. Yet, on September 13, 1759, the defeat of soldiers of the French army by British troops in the Battle of the Plains of Abraham was a turning point in Canadian history. At the centre of the decisive encounter, which ultimately led to the downfall of New France and the triumph of the British in North America, were the battle's two commanders: Louis-Joseph de Montcalm, who led the French, and Major General James Wolfe, who commanded the British. Both men came from families that expected much from them, and both were instilled by their parents with a sense of duty and honour to which they adhered throughout their lives.

Setting events against the backdrop of the Seven Years War (1756–63), in which the French and English and their respective allies fought for the supremacy of Europe, North America, and India, Quebec novelist Roch Carrier chronicles Montcalm's and Wolfe's journeys to that fateful day in September 1759 when both military leaders were killed in action. Montcalm was forty-seven years old and a husband and father; Wolfe was only thirty-two and engaged to be married.

Celebrated for his children's classic "The Hockey Sweater" — another poignant tale of French-English relations, though one involving hockey sticks rather than muskets — Carrier presents captivating portraits of Montcalm and Wolfe. He concentrates on their dual biographies and the facts of the story, and he does so in a riveting and thorough fashion. However, he does not, for the most part, provide the necessary perspective and analysis to make this a more layered historical narrative. Carrier and his publisher also do not include any maps, illustrations, source notes for quotations, or even a bibliography. All would have enhanced the book for the general reader.

While the climactic battle took place in Quebec, Carrier reminds us that the interaction between Montcalm and Wolfe was effectively European. Canada was generally an afterthought to more European considerations, particularly in France, where Voltaire's sarcastic assessment of Canada as "a few acres of snow" was conventional wisdom at Louis XV's court. As the war in Europe turned against the French in 1757–58, France could not afford to send more men or supplies to Quebec. New France was sacrificed, and a British victory in North America was inevitable.

Added to this was the well-documented feud between Montcalm and Pierre de Rigaud de Vaudreuil, the governor of New France. As Carrier describes it, the two fought incessantly about corruption in the New France administration, military strategy, the role of France's volatile First Nations allies, and the preparedness of the Canadiens as soldiers. Such squabbling was a short-term factor in New France's downfall, no matter how talented a military commander Montcalm was.

It is Wolfe who was the far more interesting character. Apart from his inability to (literally) stomach the repeated voyages across the Atlantic, he was the more committed, well-read, and skilled military strategist. He distinguished himself at the siege of Louisbourg in 1758. And, fourteen months later, his decision to have his men scale the steep cliffs leading to the Plains of Abraham was bold, despite his admittedly being lucky that the British advance so easily fooled the French.

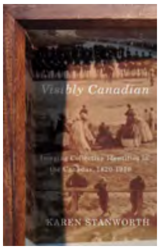
Carrier's chronicle also shows that history often comes down to choice. In late 1758, Wolfe returned to Britain and requested that he be reassigned to the British army fighting the French in German territory. Montcalm, too, contemplated returning to France, but soon changed his mind, as did Wolfe, who was elevated to the rank of major general and given the responsibility for the assault on Quebec. While neither could have predicted it at the time, the two, who never met in person, were forever to be linked in the annals of Canada's past.

Reviewed by **Allan Levine**, a Winnipeg historian and writer whose most recent book is *Toronto: Biography of a City*.

IMPERIAL ORCHESTRATION

Visibly Canadian: Imaging Collective Identities in the Canadas, 1820–1910

by Karen Stanworth
McGill-Queen's University Press,
484 pp., $49.95



Celebrations are already ramping up for the 150th anniversary of Confederation in 2017. The evolution of Canada from a handful of threadbare British colonies, which didn't much like each other, into a wealthy country of astonishing diversity raises several questions. How did this happen? How has a federation with such strong centripetal stresses survived? What has glued all these provinces and people together? How did the dominant culture construct a sense of "Canadianness"?

The last of these questions is the focus of a thoughtful new book by Karen Stanworth, associate professor in the faculties of education and fine arts at Toronto's York University. Stanworth writes for an academic readership and looks only at Ontario and Quebec, but her careful research and insightful analysis held my attention. And anybody who knows the thrill of trawling through archives and stumbling over treasures will enjoy the witty personal essays about archives that amplify each chapter.

Stanworth argues that the citizens of Canada, pre- and post-Confederation, were provided with visual phenomena that were deliberately pitched to shape a "Canadian" identity nested within Imperial loyalty to the mother country. For example, in Quebec City in the 1830s, members of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec enjoyed a library promoting European histories and literature, alongside documents respecting "the decaying Indian Tribes," even though there was a thriving Huron-Wendat community only a couple of kilometres away.

Similarly, in the Toronto of the 1850s, the Methodist educator Egerton Ryerson ensured that even the poorest city-dwellers could see copies of Greek statuary and Italian paintings in the Education Museum attached to the Normal School — the province's first teacher-training establishment. As Stanworth observes, "A museum is not a simple mirror of cultural values; rather, it has the capacity to participate in the production and affirmation of the society that attends it."

By the late nineteenth century, commercial producers of spectacles and fireworks were stage-managing thrilling dramas that simultaneously celebrated the new Dominion's colonial past and its achievements. In Toronto in September 1893, Canada's Great Industrial Fair ("Not a World's Fair But Nearly So") was, in Stanworth's lovely phrase, "a pinnacle of narrative boasting." For two weeks, nearly twenty thousand people a night watched a re-enactment of a battle in the Sudan in which British troops defeated the local Arab leader. The commentary for this "edutainment" was provided by a local man who had participated in the campaign.

The greatest grandstand event of all came in 1897, with the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's ascent to the throne. It was celebrated with an orchestrated fervour, writes Stanworth, "that solidified the queen's identification *as* the nation, not just *of* the nation." Around the world, there was a chorus of ovations to the monarch that suggested an imperial cohesion to the celebrations, despite the absence of comment from anybody who spoke (for example) Hindi, Urdu, Cree, or Swahili.

In Quebec, there was an eruption of "Jubilee fever." A bilingual booklet, *The Quebec Jubilee Souvenir Number*, managed a studied balance between a glowing testimonial to the monarch and a subtle counter-narrative about Quebec City's proud history. "The narrative threads intermingle compellingly so as to make it possible to support imperialist realities without denying *nationaliste* desires."

Meanwhile, in Montreal, nearly one hundred thousand people were "jubilating" on the morning of June 21, 1897, according to the *Montreal Gazette*, as they watched a grand procession along Saint Catherine Street. The parade included floats, or "*chars*," that celebrated both Confederation and the Canadien Saint-Jean-Baptiste Society.

Did the celebration really reflect total commitment, amongst both French- and English-speaking participants, to the notion that the British Empire was a single "happy family," with Victoria as the royal matriarch? Hardly, suggests Stanworth, who notes that 1897 was also the sixtieth anniversary of the Lower Canada rebellion. When she explored records of the negotiations during planning for the parade, she realized that the Canadiens and non-Canadiens were operating from quite different positions on nationalism, loyalty, and self-identity.

Today's Canadians are bombarded by visual culture, through websites, social media, billboards, and so on. "Media awareness" courses help students to view images critically and to evaluate the assumptions and messages underlying them. Yet we all absorb nationalist messages almost unconsciously. In the past few years, it has been hard to resist the marketing of a new image for Canada, as a "warrior nation."

What will 2017 bring, in the way of banners, YouTube videos, and government advertising, to promote Canadian nationalism for the twenty-first century? Hard to know, but Stanworth has made useful suggestions on how to scrutinize them.

Reviewed by **Charlotte Gray**, the author of nine works of biography and popular history and a past chair of Canada's History Society's board of directors.

ENGINEERING EQUALITY

Queen of the Hurricanes: The Fearless Elsie MacGill

by Crystal Sissons
Second Story Press,
280 pp., $24.95

As is often the way with extraordinary people, Elsie MacGill did not believe that she was exceptional; she was just an engineer who also happened to be female. But exceptional she was.

In *Queen of the Hurricanes*, Crystal Sissons examines MacGill's life within a women's history framework. Half of the book describes MacGill's various projects related to improving the lives of women and advancing their education and occupational opportunities. But MacGill's nickname "Queen of the Hurricanes" resulted from her wartime efforts to build allied aircraft, and she became a celebrity after being featured in the American True Comics War Heroes series.

Sissons deftly covers MacGill's struggles to prevail over the lasting effects of polio, her education, her early career, and her quick rise through the ranks as a result of the Second World War. However, the war period is not discussed as extensively as one might expect, given the choice of title.

While MacGill's career spanned four decades, Sissons' biography focuses more on her association with women's clubs, her political writing and lobbying, and her far-reaching achievements with the Royal Commission on the Status of Women. These activities are no less important than her engineering work, but, given the rarity of female engineers in managerial positions fighting a war, it feels like her war work was given short shrift. In contrast, an entire chapter was devoted to extremely detailed accounts of MacGill's activities with the Business and Professional Women (BPW) group, something that seemed oddly myopic until I learned that Sissons also belongs to BPW.

Throughout the book, Sissons observes that, given the male domination of engineering, it was surprising that MacGill did not encounter the level of sexism often found in non-traditional fields. Nor did MacGill feel that she was denied advancement due to her gender. Her accomplishments bear this out; however, because of her situation, and in spite of a strong feminist upbringing, MacGill was somewhat blinded to the struggles of other women in engineering.

One possibility, as suggested by MacGill's own writings, is that the field of aeronautical engineering was so new, its very nature was untraditional, and the speed

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'Norman Hillmer has put the spotlight on a man who helped cut Canada's ties with its colonial past… Rich in anecdotes and intriguing details, this is an intimate, elegant history on a large canvas.'
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Advancing Knowledge

with which the technology advanced was so fast, that perhaps there simply wasn't time to build pink ghettoes and glass ceilings. Also, while other women entered non-traditional roles as part of the war effort, many did so in administrative, agricultural, or factory capacities. Women with pre-existing higher academic qualifications fared better in their employment opportunities.

Given the animosity and backlash women were facing in the fields of law, medicine, and other sciences, it is hard to believe that the answer could be this simple; nor does it explain the struggles faced by other female engineers. It was only later in life that MacGill recognized that discrimination was impeding women's career choices and advancement.

MacGill may have had a blind spot when it came to women in engineering, but it did not hamper her criticism of the lack of opportunities for women on a wider scale. She did not shrink from advocating to reduce violence against women and to improve medical services, including reproductive rights.

And, while many people would be content to end their commitment to a Royal Commission after the report has been written, we have Elsie MacGill to thank for not letting the report on the status of women languish on a shelf. Her widespread promotion of the report at every speaking engagement for years afterward led to the recommendations being enacted at multiple levels of government and in the private and non-profit sectors.

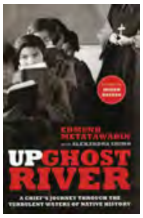
I'm grateful for this biography. In 1983, I took computer science and electronics courses as high school electives, and my male classmates could be found in my cooking and sewing classes. I don't recall any awkward moments or belittlement about the choices we made. None of us felt like we were breaking new ground or throwing convention on its head. I now know that we didn't have to do this because Elsie MacGill already did.

Reviewed by **Tanja Hütter**, the online manager for Canada's History Society.

MORE BOOKS

Up Ghost River: A Chief's Journey through the Turbulent Waters of Native History

by Edmund Metatawabin,
with Alexandra Shimo
Knopf Canada, 342 pp., $32



Near the end of this book, the authors describe how in Cree culture there is no word for justice. The closest meaning is *kintohpatatin*, which loosely translates to "you have been listened to."

The spirit of *kintohpatatin* pervades this memoir of Edmund Metatawabin, who relates a personal account of the horrific abuse he and fellow students suffered at one of Canada's worst residential schools, and of the alcohol addiction that followed. With help from his own culture's sacred traditions — such as the sweat lodge, which had been outlawed for

"AS ENTERTAINING AS FICTION."
Great Plains Quarterly
ON THE FRONTIER
Letters from the Canadian West in the 1880s
William Wallace
edited by Ken S. Coates and Bill Morrison
University of Regina Press
UofRPress.ca

On the Frontier: Letters from the Canadian West in the 1880s
William Wallace, Edited by Ken S. Coates and Bill Morrison

This new edition of William Wallace's letters home to England provides rare insight into the earliest days of settlement in Canada's West. The correspondence conveys a sense of awe and unspoken courage – "the courage needed to make a fresh start in a strange new land."

generations — Metatawabin overcame his early trauma to become a caring family man and respected community leader.

The account of his experience at St. Anne's Residential School, in Fort Albany, Ontario — whippings, electrocutions, hunger, sexual abuse — is painful, but it is not the whole story. Metatawabin also describes the warmth of growing up in a loving family, of his deep connection to his land and culture, the help he received on his healing journey, and his efforts to heal others.

Metatawabin, who has written two other books, enlisted research help from journalist Alexandra Shimo in completing this volume. Dialogue was created as it might have happened, "to the best of my memory," said Metatawabin.

The result is a story told with simplicity, grace, light humour, and courage. It also presents a strong argument for righting the wrongs that have kept First Nations from charting their own destiny. It's a call for justice, in the spirit of *kintohpatatin*.

— *Nelle Oosterom*

Any Mummers 'Lowed In?: Christmas Mummering Traditions in Newfoundland and Labrador

by Dale Jarvis

Flanker Press, 342 pp., $19.95

DALE JARVIS
ANY MUMMERS 'LOWED IN?

When I was in Grade 3, I had one of the leads in our class Christmas play. Being from Newfoundland, the role wasn't a traditional Christmas figure, but Mummer Number One.

In his book *Any Mummers 'Lowed In?*, folklorist Dale Jarvis details the origins, evolution, and meaning of this beloved custom of "disguise and visitation."

Mummering was introduced to Newfoundland and other Atlantic and Maritime colonies by early European settlers and has since gone through various stages of decline and revival. It continues to form an important part of Christmas in Newfoundland and Labrador.

Jarvis combines his own deep knowledge of the subject with new oral history interviews of Newfoundlanders, capturing the diverse nature of the tradition throughout the island.

Any Mummers 'Lowed In? is written by a skilled storyteller, beautifully illustrated with archival images and family photos, and dotted with information about other Christmas traditions, songs, and recipes. It's a treasure for those interested in Newfoundland, Christmas traditions, and intangible cultural heritage.

— *Joanna Dawson*

Closing Time: Prohibition, Rum-Runners, and Border Wars

by Daniel Francis

Douglas & McIntyre, 186 pp., $39.95

Closing Time

Maybe you've heard of Al Capone, or saw the *Untouchables* starring Sean Connery and Kevin Costner as G-men fighting the Chicago mob during the Prohibition era. If so, you might think rum-running was solely an American problem. Few Canadians realize that the true north strong and free was the source of much of the hooch that lubricated gangland and swelled bank accounts for crooks on both sides of the border.

In *Closing Time*, author and popular historian Daniel Francis digs deep into the archives to unearth many rarely seen images plus untold stories of the criminals and connivers of the blind-pig era, as well as of the cops and others who tried to trip them up.

While both the east and west coasts saw their share of criminality, in many ways southern Ontario was ground zero

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A History of Canadian Internment Camp R
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384 pages | $29.95 paper | 978–0–88864–673–6
Canadian History/Military History/World War II

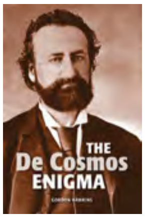
WAR PAINTINGS OF THE TSUU T'INA NATION

The Little Third Reich on Lake Superior

for rum-running, with the Windsor-Detroit region especially rife with activity. Unlike the United States, which brought in a nationwide ban on booze in 1920, Canada's prohibition laws were a patchwork of provincial and municipal statues, leaving plenty of loopholes for booze to flow freely across the border.

Filled with great images, many in colour, this coffee-table book is proof that there is far more to the story of prohibition than Hollywood has deigned to show us so far.
— Mark Collin Reid

The De Cosmos Enigma
by Gordon Hawkins
Ronsdale Press, 170 pages, $17.95



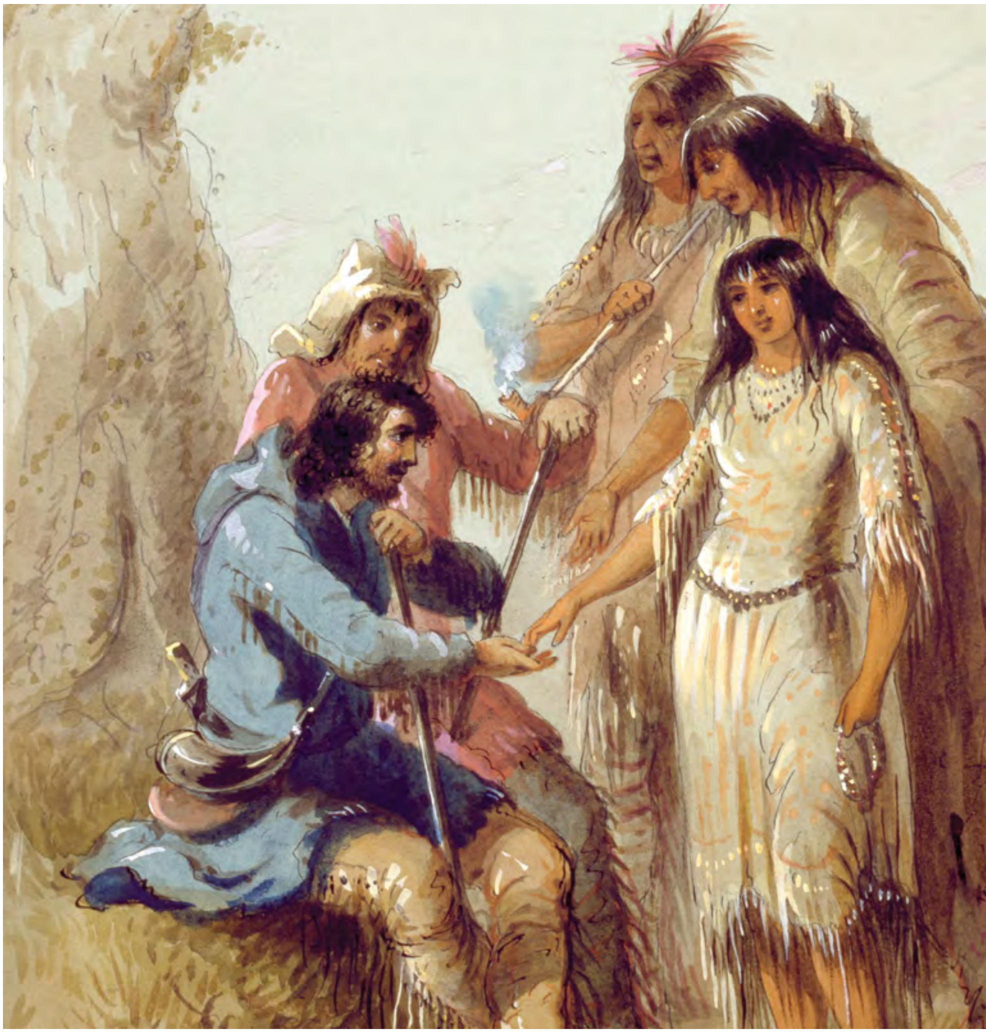
Amor De Cosmos was born William Alexander Smith in Nova Scotia, but he is remembered for what he accomplished with his chosen name: founding the *British Colonist* newspaper, helping the two Pacific colonies become one, and pushing British Columbia into Confederation. He was the province's second premier and represented Victoria in the House of Commons for more than a decade.

"While his political life can be traced in some detail, almost nothing is known of the personality behind the public performance," Gordon Hawkins says in his new biography of the man. "On his relations with his family, his bachelorhood, his social, sexual, literary and sporting interests, the record is silent."

De Cosmos was an outsider. He was grouchy and anti-social, pushing away people who could have become his allies.

In *The De Cosmos Enigma*, Hawkins tries to fill in these gaps, using a variety of sources that make up for a lack of personal records. He succeeds, to a large extent, in his extensive mining of archival sources.

We can never know everything about De Cosmos, or any other nineteenth-century politician, for that matter. Still, *The De Cosmos Enigma* is a valuable resource, helping us to better understand what drove one of the most famous men in British Columbia's history.
— Dave Obee



WALTERS ART MUSEUM, BALTIMORE, 37.1940.12

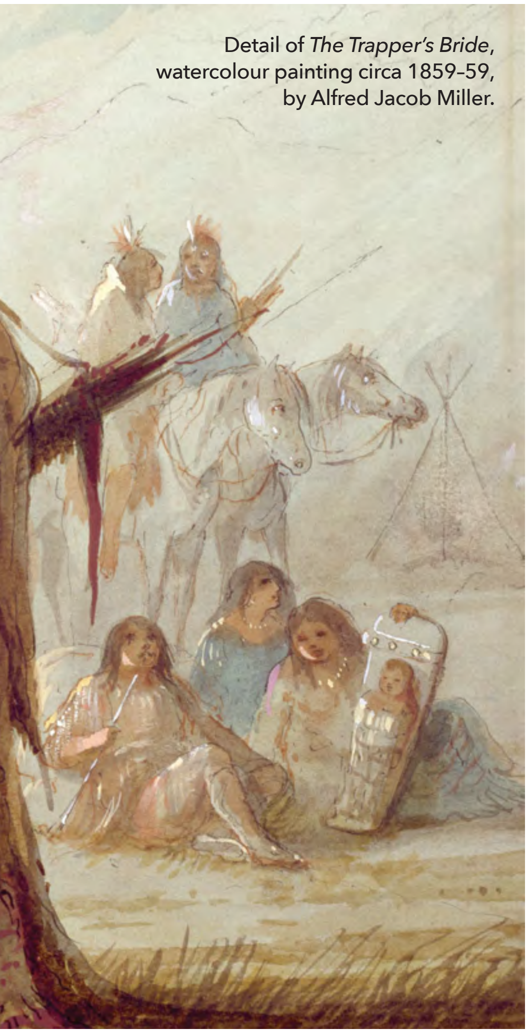
Q&A

Traders who stayed

Professor shows how French Canadians and Aboriginal women saved the West Coast from the Americans.

Jean Barman won the 2015 Sir John A. Macdonald Prize for her new book, French Canadians, Furs, and Indigenous Women in the Making of the Pacific Northwest. *The prize is awarded annually to the best academic book on Canadian history, and this October in Ottawa Barman will also receive the Governor General's History Award for Scholarly Research. The professor emeritus in the University of British Columbia's department of educational studies spoke recently with editor-in-chief Mark Reid about the crucial role played by fur traders and their indigenous brides in keeping the Pacific coast Canadian.*

What inspired you to write this book?
It started out as a project trying to understand why I had not paid attention to French Canadians in a general history I did of British Columbia, and why no one had been paying attention to French Canadians. It turned out, in the end — by my interpretation of the material — that French Canadians were fundamental to the way in which the Pacific Northwest developed, including how it was that British Columbia became a province of Canada instead of sliding into the United States.



Detail of *The Trapper's Bride*, watercolour painting circa 1859-59, by Alfred Jacob Miller.

Why did the French Canadians head to the northwest?
The Pacific Northwest was a very different place than anywhere else in the United States or Canada, in the sense that there was no external governance until 1846, when it was divided between the United States and England. Up to then, it was only a fur trade place. The only outsider-company economy was the Hudson's Bay Company, based in London. They employed mainly French Canadians. Everywhere else in North America where they worked, [the HBC] wanted sturdy Scots. They wanted Orkneymen. But in the Pacific Northwest, they took over from the North West Company from Montreal, and so they kept on French Canadians, which was distinctive within the fur economy.

You make the case that the fur traders helped to keep the West Coast Canadian.
When it came time to set the boundary, Britain wasn't interested in colonies. The United States desperately wanted it all — they wanted to get their hands on Russian America, which was Alaska, and they were getting their hands on California. Britain would have given in, but the Hudson's Bay Company persuaded them that they should hold on to part of [the northwest], because they were making money. And so, except for French Canadians — the people who were the backbone working for the fur trade and the main outsider group in the Pacific Northwest — Canada would have no Pacific shoreline today.

Your book also looks at how women impacted the fur trade there.
French Canadians came to work for the HBC. They had worked before for the North West Company out of Montreal, and they stayed. The reason they stayed is that they could partner with indigenous women. There were no Catholic priests in the Pacific Northwest until 1848. It was a relationship they could have squandered. They could have hit and run, but instead they stayed, and they had large families together. They have descendants all over the Pacific Northwest to the present day. The indigenous women are really powerful in that these are not just relationships of pleasure — the women worked very, very hard in the fur economy as well.

How does it feel to win the Sir John A. Macdonald Prize?
I was totally astonished! … It was a book that I wrote because I wanted descendants to feel themselves in it — I had many descendants get in touch with me. I thought that maybe a few people in British Columbia would think about it, but to think that [my book] had a national audience is really astonishing. It was unthinkable. When I found out the book was shortlisted, I thought that was unthinkable. And when I found out that it won — it was far more unthinkable! I'm still trying to figure out quite what it was that other people saw in it. I'm pleased that they did, and I suspect, over time, I will know.

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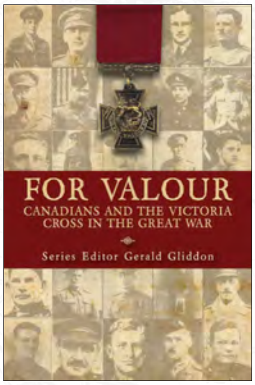
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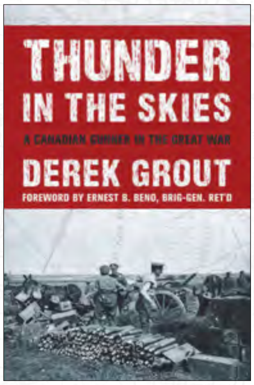
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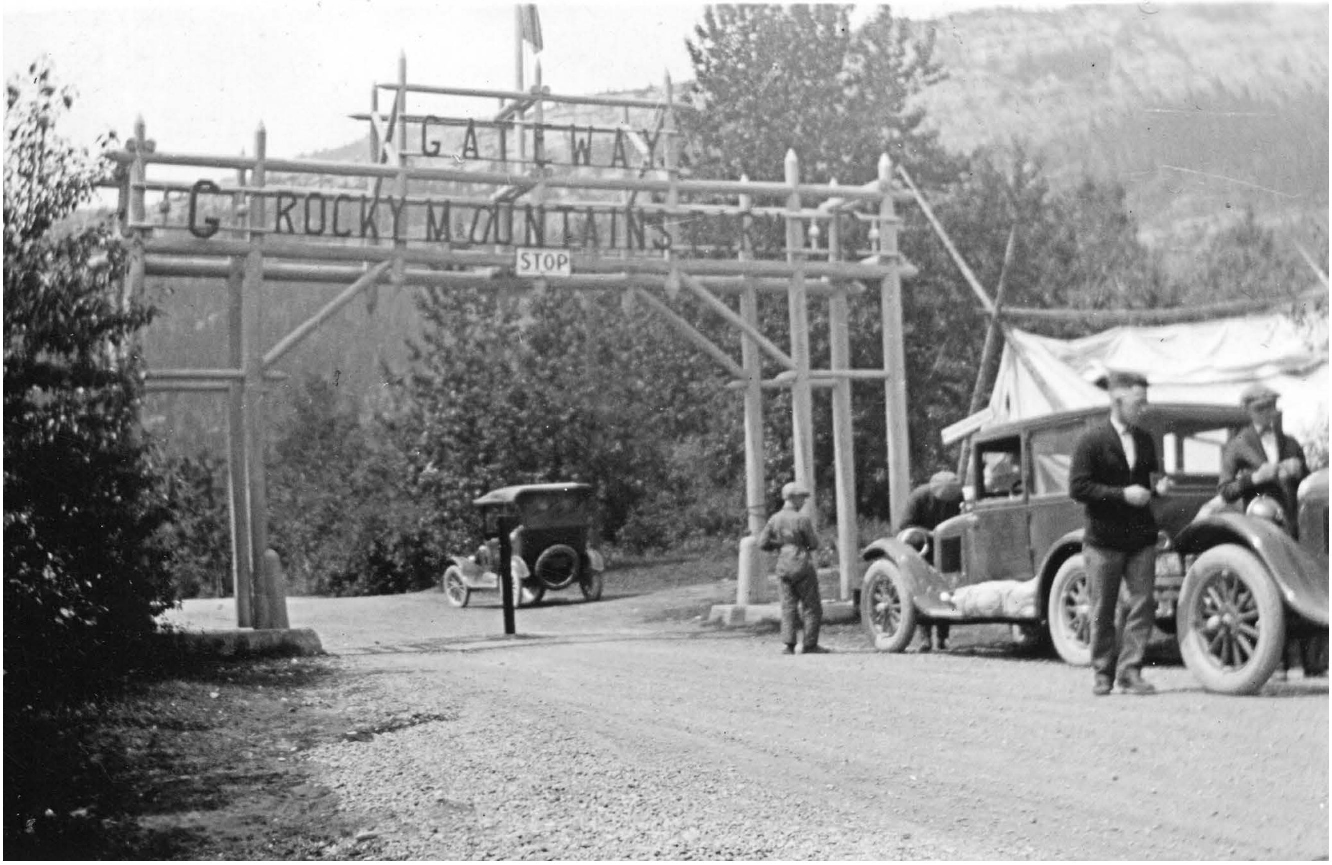

Gateway to splendour

This photograph was taken by Vera Briggs on July 16, 1926, at the east gate in Alberta of what is now Banff National Park. Then called Rocky Mountains Park, it had been established in 1885 and was for years accessed primarily via the Canadian Pacific Railway, which brought wealthy visitors who had come from as far away as Europe.

An avid photographer, Vera was travelling with her brother Frank on what was possibly a family day trip from their home at Turner Valley, Alberta. Vera was born in Ontario in 1898, but after her parents died she was sent to live with relatives in Alberta. Frank joined her sometime later.

As they reached the park, Vera and Frank were likely greeted by Annie Staple, from nearby Exshaw. Staple was hired in 1916 to work the park's new east gate along the old coach road to Banff, at what is now Kananaskis on Highway 1A.

When the gate opened on July 5, 1916, the second driver to enter the park complained to the Royal North West Mounted Police that someone was extorting money from visitors. In fact, a licence fee of one dollar per week, or four dollars for a month's entry, had been put into effect.

As automobiles became more common in the early years of the twentieth century, the park briefly allowed vehicle entry in 1904. It then permitted cars each summer beginning in 1911 and established its east gate in 1916 with Annie Staple at the helm.

Born in England, Staple had travelled to Canada in 1907 with her husband, Tom, for their honeymoon. Tom found work at Exshaw, and the couple stayed. In 1913, he joined the park's warden service.

In 1916, a tent beside the gate served for a few months as the home for Annie, Tom, and their three children, until their house was ready. The timber gateway seen in the photo was built the next summer; the letters G and R represent George Rex, King George V.

Tom died in 1919, but Annie staffed the gate until 1930, when the park's boundaries changed. She worked for the park service until 1948, when she was sixty-five.

On this day in 1926, Vera and Frank Briggs would have stopped with other cars to affix one of the famous buffalo licence plates that were used by the park beginning in 1925.

Submitted by Vera's son, Arnold Walters, and his wife, Barbara, of Outlook, Saskatchewan.

Do you have a photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If so, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your photo to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Please provide a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. Photos may be cropped or adjusted as necessary for presentation in the magazine. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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